

# THE NATION

## AND ATHENÆUM

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### CONTENTS

	PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ... ..	171
IS P.R. DEMOCRATIC? ... ..	174
THE KILKENNY ELECTION. By Our Irish Correspondent ...	175
AN INTERPRETATION OF FRENCH POLICY. By a Correspondent ... ..	176
THE PORTENT OF "BILL" THOMPSON ... ..	178
LIFE AND POLITICS. By Kappa ... ..	179
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: Proportional Representation (Geo. G. Chisholm, and Warren Evans); The Revised Prayer Book (Percy Dearmer); Pragmatic Test of the Sacraments (Gerald Heard); Tennyson and Mr. Noyes (Osbert Sitwell); Sir William Harcourt (E. C. Williams) ... ..	181
BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE. By Winifred Holtby ...	182
TRIGG. By Barrington Gates ... ..	183
THE DRAMA:— Sense and Sensibility. By Francis Birrell ... ..	184
PLAYS AND PICTURES. By Omicron ... ..	185
THE CLOUD. By Charles Mauron; translated by Roger Fry ... ..	186
THE WORLD OF BOOKS:— Two Professionals and an Amateur. By Leonard Woolf ... ..	187
REVIEWS:— Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Churchill ... ..	188
Fiction. By Edwin Muir ... ..	190
Animal Stories. By Frances Pitt ... ..	192
Mr. Sheppard's S.O.S. By A. F. ... ..	194
Representative Women ... ..	194
Emerson. By Llewellyn Powys ... ..	196
Essays ... ..	196
BOOKS IN BRIEF ... ..	198
ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE ... ..	198
REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES ... ..	198
NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS ... ..	200
INSURANCE NOTES ... ..	200
FINANCIAL SECTION:— The Week in the City ... ..	202

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### EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE promulgation by the Commercial Committee of the South Wales coal-owners of a scheme for what amounts to a district cartel is, from any point of view, a remarkable development. The Mining Association is still continuing its singular propaganda to the effect that there is nothing seriously wrong with the coal industry, that the owners' policy of last year is being steadily justified by events, that suggestions for amalgamation and collective selling agencies are mainly impracticable nonsense, and that the idea of

accepting as a fact a permanent curtailment of our coal output below the pre-war level, and reorganizing the industry with reference to that fact is immoral and un-British. This propaganda is being supported by articles in various newspapers describing gleefully the inroads which we are making in the Polish and German trade in certain markets by means of a ruthless under-cutting of prices. And now it appears that the Fundamentalism of the owners has been sapped after all by the logic of facts, meaning ruinous financial losses, growing steadily, and without any prospect of relief on the horizon. So that in South Wales at least the owners contemplate practising the most shocking immoralities preached by the Samuel Commission and the Lewis Committee—getting together, with a view to maintaining prices, regulating production, closing down unremunerative pits, "rationalizing" the industry in short. How oddly now begins to read the protesting Minority Report of the coal-owners on the Lewis Committee:—

"This policy of increase of price by way of limitation of output is diametrically opposed to the real need of the country and of its coal industry to-day; namely, a high rate of production at a low cost."

Those words were written less than a year ago. Have the owners now learnt sufficient wisdom to set their house in order in real earnest?

\* \* \*

By authorizing the Durham Association to continue district negotiations, the delegate conference of the Miners' Federation has virtually admitted its inability to offer them any assistance whatever. The Durham miners have therefore to fight their own battle, and their chances of persuading their employers to agree to an extension of the present agreement are somewhat slender. The Mines Department has just issued the summary of the financial ascertainment in the June quarter. The credit balance of Durham in the first quarter has become a debit balance, and the loss was approximately ninepence per ton. The results for the third quarter will almost certainly be as bad or worse. Wages at 9s. 3d. per man-shift worked are low as compared with other districts even if allowance is made for the system of payments in kind which prevails in the county. Output per man-shift, on the other hand, is relatively high. The situation in Durham is not perhaps much worse than in several other districts, but unfortunately for the Durham miners their wage agreement was of short duration, and they have to contemplate a fresh reduction already, whereas in other districts the owners must continue to bear the losses for some time to come.

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The municipal elections have produced no very striking results. In only a very few places is the control of municipal policy affected by Tuesday's poll. Moreover, though Labour has won a few seats in most

areas, which add up over the country to what looks an impressive total of nearly one hundred net gains, it is not easy to deduce from this any clear moral as to the general movement of political opinion. Labour's share of municipal representation is still a long way behind its share of Parliamentary representation; so much so that one would expect the Labour Party to make gains in municipal contests, even if the general political tide were flowing away from them. The most interesting feature of the contests was the controversy over the Town Hall question at Manchester, where Mr. E. D. Simon exposed with unanswerable force the irresponsibility and essential wastefulness of a characteristic Conservative "economy" campaign. The success of Mrs. E. D. Simon in retaining her seat by a largely increased majority, while her fellow Liberals in neighbouring wards were losing ground, may be taken, perhaps, as another indication that even from the electoral standpoint Liberals will do better by speaking their minds freely about economy of a foolish indiscriminating sort than by attempting to play up to it.

The Soviet Government has announced its intention of sending representatives to the forthcoming meeting of the Preparatory Commission of the Disarmament Conference. This decision has had a mixed reception; but in our view it should be unreservedly welcomed. The discussions of the Commission will no doubt be complicated and made more difficult by the introduction of another set of considerations from another standpoint, and it remains to be seen whether the Russians are prepared to make a genuine contribution towards the solution of the armaments problem, or if their intention is only to obstruct the work. But Russia is, in any case, a factor of first-rate importance in the problem; it is useless to draw up plans which leave her out of account; and the presence of her representatives cannot fail to make for reality. There is still the possibility that Soviet Russia may be willing to participate in a genuine scheme, and this would enormously facilitate the task of the Commission. Failing that, we shall at least be able to see more clearly the limits within which progress can be made.

As the German Government have decided to keep the war guilt question alive, Herr Marx's recent speech was as wise and placatory as was possible in the circumstances. He stated that an impartial inquiry into the question was a matter of national honour; that the verdict, whether favourable or adverse, would be cheerfully accepted, and that the question had nothing to do with Germany's treaty obligations. If the German Government continue to press for an inquiry on these lines they will, possibly, be supported by some sections of opinion at Geneva and elsewhere; but they must surely realize that if they continue to treat an historical question as a matter of international politics, they must expect to encounter purely political opposition. Herr Marx may protest that war guilt has nothing to do with reparations and German disarmament; French and Belgian public opinion will be equally insistent that it has, and that an official German disclaimer does not affect the fact. Again, it is obvious that Herr Marx cannot really guarantee that an impartial verdict, whatever it might be, would be cheerfully accepted in Germany. It was a profound mistake to introduce the war guilt question into the peace treaties; but to reopen the question at the present time would serve merely to rekindle old passions, without, probably, serving the cause of historical truth.

The visit of an Italian squadron to Tangier has been made the occasion for a pronouncement by Signor

Tittoni, the President of the Senate, as to Italy's Tangier policy, and an authorized statement on the same subject communicated to the Tangier correspondent of the *Times*. The Italian attitude is that Italy has never recognized the international status of Tangier as determined by the Paris Conference of 1923, to which she was not a party; that she is not bound to non-intervention by agreements with France relating to the French zone in Morocco, and that, as the most essentially Mediterranean of all the Great Powers, she claims the right to be heard in the settlement of any question affecting the gateway of the Mediterranean. The wild talk of Italian aggrandisement, indulged in by Signor Mussolini and the Fascist Press, inevitably leads to a certain suspicion of all Italian statements on Mediterranean policy; but in this instance the Italian claims are temperately put forward and based on reason. We have always held that the Tangier question should be regarded, not as a subject of diplomatic bargaining between France and Spain, but as a genuinely international problem to be settled, preferably by the League, but in any event by the co-operation of all Powers with Mediterranean interests, and Italy has a clear equitable right to participate.

The Roumanian Government continues to assure the Chancelleries of Europe that the country is quiet and unruffled; half the Continental Press continues to assert that it is on the verge of revolution. The position seems to be this: On the death of the King, the Government contrived to enthrone the new boy monarch without serious trouble; but they took extraordinary precautions with regard to the adherents of the exiled Prince Carol. Recently a certain M. Manoilescu has been imprisoned for carrying letters from the Prince to certain parliamentary leaders. Prince Carol, from his villa at Dinard, protests that these letters were polite refusals of invitations to declare himself a claimant to the throne. He also states that the Peasants' Party is particularly anxious that he should do so—exiled monarchs are always eloquent and touching when they speak of the love of the peasants for their legitimate sovereign. It would seem from this that a *coup d'état* or a palace revolution is not impossible. On the other hand, the Government has got over the worst of its difficulties, and an opposition which makes a major political issue out of the wrongs of the frivolous, if amiable, voluptuary at Dinard has not got a strong case.

The reports of the first plenary session of the Spanish National Assembly illustrate the tendency of representative bodies, even when very imperfectly representative, to betray a vitality unlooked for by their founders. The Assembly did not meet merely to exchange compliments. As soon as the session began the Government was "interpellated" on emigration, on industrial policy, and on education, and the "interpellations," in the last two instances, were difficult to distinguish from severe criticism. As far as can be judged, the Assembly had no desire to show hostility to the Government; but the delegates were embarrassed and irritated by the rule forbidding them to speak for more than twenty minutes at a time. Inexperienced speakers found they were just passing from the preamble to their main point when the bell rang. There was an inevitable tendency to accuse the Government of suppressing honest criticism, and the Marquis de Estella was provoked into reminding the delegates that "discipline must be maintained." The real interest of the Assembly will be in its reactions on the Marquis. Good intentions, a great capacity for hard work, and business-like methods, have brought him much success in

administration; his ability to guide the country back to constitutional government will depend upon whether he is able and willing to learn from the body he has created, that there is no real half-way house between a dictatorship and free institutions, and that the price of national support is freedom of discussion.

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The *TIMES* of November 1st prints a letter from the Maharajah of Burdwan dealing with the personnel and procedure of the Statutory Commission which is to review the Indian Constitution. The letter was obviously written with knowledge of the Government's intentions, and it protested against the omission of Indians from the Commission, upon which other prominent Indians have been expressing themselves with emphasis for several months. The *TIMES* commented in a leading article decidedly more revealing than the letter. It dismissed both the proposals which, in India and in England, have been widely discussed this year; one, that the Commission should be comprehensive of all the major interests involved; the other, that it should be a small body of eminent experts working in authoritative detachment:—

"So far as the initial Commission is concerned," says the *TIMES*, "we have no doubt at all that it should in effect be a travelling Committee of the Imperial Parliament, representative of all parties and therefore of all possible Governments."

The argument is that since the function of the Commission is simply to advise Parliament, "the sole source of the Government of India Act, on the changes required at this stage," a parliamentary body alone is to be thought of, while its proper task must be analogous to that of the *rapporteur* of the League of Nations, "endeavouring in the multitude of advisers to discover the ideas evolving in India's subconscious mind." Whether the article is a revelation of the Government's decision or not, two things seem to us entirely clear. A parliamentary committee could have little enough hope of learning the ideas evolving in India's subconscious mind, and still less hope of producing an outline scheme satisfactory to India as a basis of settlement in 1929.

\* \* \*

The Report of the Development Commissioners for the year ended March 31st last has been issued this week. The activities with which it deals are manifold, for it is principally through the Development Commission that Government assistance is given to scientific research in the interests of agriculture, fisheries, and rural industries of all kinds. In one aspect the Commissioners might be described as an advisory committee to the Treasury, examining the claims of various bodies (including both Government Departments and private institutions) to financial assistance for research and developmental work, and reporting upon their respective merits. But, in reality, the Development Commission is much more than an adjunct of the Treasury and its work extends far beyond the making of grants and loans. Their relative freedom from administrative duties enables Mr. Vaughan Nash, the able Vice-Chairman of the Commission, and his colleagues to maintain close personal contact with leading scientific workers and with persons and institutions devoted to the development and enrichment of rural life, and to take an important part in the direction and co-ordination of their activities.

\* \* \*

In the last financial year, the total advances made from the Development Fund amounted to about £400,000, and the administrative expenses of the Commission to £10,500. The major part of the money advanced is expended upon agricultural research, but

considerable help is also given to scientific work in aid of fisheries, to the improvement of harbours, and the development of rural industries. The Report deals in an interesting way with the transformation of village life by such new factors as the motor-bus and the wireless, and points out that the change has necessitated the creation of a new type of organization. The National Federation of Women's Institutes is justly mentioned as adding vastly to the amenities of country life. The Rural Industries Bureau, in which Mr. Vaughan Nash has taken particular interest, is another example of the type of organization which is doing much to assist the transition to a new order in rural England. It is in such tasks as these that the Development Commission renders unobtrusive but invaluable assistance. May it long escape the notice of our economy fanatics.

\* \* \*

A meeting representative of women's organizations was held last week to draw attention to the gravity of the present rate of maternal mortality. Sir George Newman pointed out that three thousand women die in or in consequence of child-birth every year; and that "though in the last twenty-five years there has been a steady and indeed a remarkable decline in the general death-rate, in the death-rate from epidemic disease, and in the infantile mortality rate, there has been no proportionate decline in the maternal mortality rate." The loss of so many wives and mothers in the early years of their married life and while rendering a supreme service to the community is a clear indication that in one respect at least our public health system is gravely at fault, for it is not disputed that a large proportion of the mortality and disablement due to child-birth is preventable. Three things, according to Sir George Newman, are urgently needed for the solution of the problem: ante-natal hygiene, skilled and competent assistance at the time of child-birth, and a sufficiency of beds in maternity homes and hospitals for those cases in which they are required.

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The inauguration this week of a second-class air service to Paris at a single fare of £3 15s. brings air travel still further within the means of the general public. At first sight it may seem difficult to understand how the flight to Paris can be so arranged as to admit of any class distinction at all. But in view of the increasing freight traffic it is convenient for Imperial Airways to run a service starting from Croydon at 8 a.m. (Airways House at 7.15 a.m.). To start at this hour in winter is in itself a minor hardship to the traveller, and we are told that the Handley-Page machines will be stripped of some of their trappings to allow of more weight for freight. But the machines used are extremely comfortable—they are in every way as efficient as the larger and more luxurious aeroplanes, they are driven by the same experienced pilots, and there is compensation in the fact that the Avenue de l'Opera is reached at the pleasant hour of 11.30. As a subsidized service Imperial Airways are acting with wisdom in cutting their rates as low as possible. Nothing can do so much to arouse public interest in commercial aviation as an increasing opportunity for the layman to test for himself the safety and comfort of air travel. The past season, unhappily notable for at least one tragic railway smash, has been completely free from any mishap on the Paris-London air service. The so-called "forced landings" which seem to give rise to public apprehension, even when made on prepared landing-grounds, may surely be placed to the credit of the pilots in whose deliberate judgment they have appeared to be necessary and whose first object is to avoid all possible risk of danger to passengers.



## IS P.R. DEMOCRATIC ?

**A**N observation about Proportional Representation, which we made incidentally in a recent article, has brought us, as such observations always do, letters of protest from several correspondents. These letters testify, however, to the fact that the adherents of P.R. are just as worried as its opponents by perplexity as to how our representative institutions are to work, if Parliaments in which no party commands an independent majority are to become a normal feature of our political life. Indeed, every thoughtful student of public affairs must necessarily share this perplexity. Yet the question is discussed publicly very little. And, indeed, it is not easy to discuss it publicly. What, for example, will happen if the next General Election reproduces the broad results of 1923? It is difficult to imagine a politician capable of shutting his mind so completely on the future that this question does not occasionally occur to him. Yet let him so much as allude to it publicly, and he is at once suspected of intrigue, manœuvre, and a hankering after corrupt party bargains; and any chance of rational discussion is still-born. But the question is a much larger one than that of what will happen after the next General Election, important though that is. And surely it is desirable to discuss at least the larger question sensibly. Let us discuss it, therefore, in the first instance, in complete detachment from such questions as the next General Election, and what particular parties ought to do.

The principal argument urged in favour of Proportional Representation is that it is more democratic than our existing electoral methods. The function of the House of Commons, it is said, is to reflect, as accurately as possible, the opinion of the electorate, in all its various sub-divisions and cross-groupings, and this requires that every substantial section of opinion should be able to obtain its fair share of representation. This is impossible under single-member constituencies which necessarily restrict the electors' choice, and, indeed, in the days of the two-party system, restricted it to a choice between two alternatives, both of which many electors might cordially dislike. Under these conditions, people are prone to vote *against* somebody or something instead of *for* somebody or something; and the combative aspect of politics is unduly emphasized. Under P.R., on the other hand, with six- or seven-member constituencies, a much wider choice will be opened out, and every considerable school of thought will be able to return candidates who really represent its point of view. This, it is claimed, will make democracy a reality, instead of the hollow farce it is apt to be at present.

To this argument we reply that P.R. would take away from the electorate the decision that matters most. Under the old two-party system, a General Election settled definitely and decisively one important question—the question whether the Liberals or the Tories should rule Britain during the next few years. We say that that was an important question. A cynic may, of course, maintain that it matters very little what party is in power; and it may be admitted that, revolutions apart, a change of Government seldom means more, in any country, or under any system, than a certain shift

of policy towards the Right or towards the Left. But whether there should be a shift of policy towards the Right or a shift towards the Left is, none the less, a real question; and this question was decided, under the two-party system, by the electorate and by no one else.

Under P.R., on the other hand, the electorate would not decide this question. It is of the essence of P.R. that it would make for a multiplicity of parties, none of which would ever be likely to command an independent majority. The complexion of the Government and the complexion of policy would, therefore, depend less on how the electors voted at a General Election than on how the various Parliamentary parties chose to group themselves afterwards. The most widely different practical sequels might thus follow the same electoral results. After all, the matter is not one of abstract speculation. The Continent provides us with plenty of object-lessons in the working of a multiple-party system. In France, since the last General Election we have seen a series of different Governments, resting on different party combinations, with different points of view predominant, and pursuing different policies. In none of these changes has the French electorate had any say; nor could it have. Is such a system really more democratic than the traditional British system, under which the complexion of the Government really did depend on the way the people cast their votes?

We go further. The broad question which the two-party system asks: "Do you incline, on the whole, towards the Right, or towards the Left?" is the most sensible question which it is possible to ask of the electorate. It is a question which corresponds far more closely to the realities of human psychology than the more complicated questions which a multiple-party system inevitably raises. The issue is one which presents itself in every department of life. Wherever men take part in collective action, and questions of policy arise, there is a fundamental cleavage between the more adventurous and the more cautious, the more open-minded and the more prejudiced, the more progressive and the more conservative. Men fluctuate, of course, pass from the one camp to the other, find themselves ranged on particular issues against those with whom they are normally in sympathy; and some are not quite sure to which camp they normally belong. But the two camps are there. Who does not recognize their existence? Who does not discern in the various controversies in which he engages in the course of his ordinary life the same essential clash between the forces of enlightenment and prejudice (as it appears to the one school), or between wisdom and wild-cat nonsense (as the other sees it)?

Now this fundamental cleavage was the abiding reality that lay behind the old warfare of Liberal and Tory, and compared with this the political issues or the political philosophies of the moment were of secondary importance. A man's whole experience of life and his whole attitude towards life went to decide whether he called himself a Liberal or a Tory; and, accordingly, the restricted choice between the two parties was not felt as an acute grievance. On the contrary, the fact that Gilbert could write a generation ago:—

"That every boy and every gal,  
That's born into this world alive,  
Is either a little Liberal,  
Or else a little Conservative"



testifies to the fact that people found the choice between parties less unsatisfactory than they do to-day. After all, it is only since we have had three parties that it has become common to say that one would like to vote against them all.

We do not admit, therefore, that the two-party system is inferior to a multiplicity of parties, merely from the standpoint of enabling the electorate to express its mind effectively. From every other point of view, and particularly from the standpoint of the requirements of responsible government, it is, in our view, immeasurably superior. But, it will be said, this does not state the issue fairly; whatever its merits, the two-party system has gone for good; we have now three parties firmly established; we are more likely to move on to four or five than back to two; we have got to make the new system work whether we like it or not. We do not accept this diagnosis. We do not regard the existing three-party system as at all firmly established. On the contrary, it seems to us exceedingly unstable. It may well be that the next development will be a further sub-division of parties, followed later on by a regrouping into two broad divisions. It is certainly far too early to conclude that we shall not return, in one way or another, to the essentials of the two-party system under the strong pressure which the single-member constituency exerts in that direction. Remember that we have only had as yet one very brief experience of a Parliament in which no party has had a clear majority. The party system will hardly emerge unchanged from a second Parliament so constituted.

We write, as we have said, in detachment from immediate political considerations. For the Liberal Party to-day no other course is open than the course which it is following, to fight the next General Election independently on both fronts, and to make a strong bid to re-establish its old position against both the other parties. None the less, it is well to keep in mind that the true rôle of the Liberal Party is on the Left; and that the great need of our democratic politics is to fashion from the elements comprised within the Liberal and Labour Parties a satisfactory and coherent instrument of government.

## THE KILKENNY ELECTION

BY OUR IRISH CORRESPONDENT.

THE preliminary skirmishes of the "complete Parliament" which we are now enjoying for the first time, have not produced anything very thrilling. They have, however, given President Cosgrave an opportunity of showing that his skill is as great in tactics as it has already been proved to be in strategy. No advantage has been gained by Fianna Fail in any of the debates which have taken place so far, and the impression is steadily gaining ground that the present Government, in spite of its apparently precarious majority, will stay in office for five years more if it is minded to do so. Really one should say, "if he is minded to do so," for in a political sense the present Government is a one-man affair, that man being Cosgrave. It is true that Messrs. Blythe, McGilligan, and Hogan are highly efficient in various ways; Mr. Blythe is an unruffled philosopher who has learned the British trick of muddling through to perfection, Mr. McGilligan has mastered every detail of the Shannon scheme, and Mr. Hogan is that rare exhibit a Minister who has a real technical knowledge of and a real love for the work of his Department. All three of them are vigorous fighters in debate, but no one believes that any one of them could hold a Government together for six months. That job is being

done by Mr. Cosgrave, who very wisely concentrates upon it to the exclusion of everything else. The secret seems to lie in his capacity to get good-humoured amusement out of the efforts of his opponents. Perhaps the best example was his comment to Mr. Flinn a few days ago. Mr. Flinn is an ex-business man (fish buyer), of Liverpool, who lately retired on Cork and a comfortable income, and has become an eloquent expounder of the more extreme doctrines of Fianna Fail economics. Unfortunately his Parliamentary manners are a little unpolished as yet. Having delivered an economic oration he set himself to interrupt the President's reply. After several ejaculations the President turned sweetly to him and said, "The task of economic education which I am undertaking so conscientiously is being made very much more difficult by these repeated interruptions."

The first tactical victory of the sitting was gained over the appointment of a Deputy Speaker. This position, which is a non-party one, is generally regarded as more or less of a sinecure, and certainly so long as Mr. Hayes is in good health his Deputy is not likely to be overburdened with work. The salary of £1,000 a year seems therefore rather large in proportion to other salaries, and it is perfectly natural that Mr. de Valera's party, who are making economy in other people's salaries one of their main planks, should find it necessary to protest. But the Government saw to it that the candidate for the position was a member of the Labour Party, and although Fianna Fail stated very politely that it was not the candidate but the salary to which they objected, there can be no doubt that a little rift was created in the lute, especially when someone quoted Mr. Tom Johnston as having said in the past that the salary was excessive. It is by these little devices that Mr. Cosgrave will walk his tight rope for a long time to come. In fact, it seems unlikely that the opposition parties will ever really combine again for the purpose of defeating the Government.

The actual subjects debated in the Dail have been confined almost entirely to Creameries and Unemployment, with occasional attention to the unfortunate Dentists' Bill which has been bandied about the House for more than a year. In all these debates Fianna Fail has given the impression of a discontented child, who feels bound to make a protest against the behaviour of the grown-ups, but does not quite know where to start. There are constant suggestions for the setting up of Committees of inquiry and general suggestion that something must be wrong somewhere. In the case of creameries, Mr. Hogan was more than a match for all comers, for he knows so much more about his subject than anyone else in the Dail, that it is really a waste of time to argue with him, and Mr. de Valera contented himself with the gloomy forecast that some day the Minister would find out that he was all wrong. The Unemployment debate, which was introduced by the usual Labour Party resolution, gave deputies scope for wandering over the whole field of economics. Nothing emerged which seemed to the onlooker to be likely to increase the amount of employment in the country, but a great deal of economic theory was aired. Most of this, as has already been said, came from Mr. Flinn. Roughly speaking, the main issue is that of tariffs. Labour is toying with the idea of high protection simply from the point of view of increasing employment and wages; Fianna Fail has arrived at the same position, but from a point of view far more political or national—the idea being to maintain the policy of Ireland for the Irish by erecting barriers against the rest of the world. The distance to which some of the spokesmen are prepared to go along these lines is illustrated by the suggestions thrown out on several occasions that imports ought not merely to be taxed but prohibited, except under

licence. Mr. Aiken, a well-known ex-militarist, advocated this course in regard to barley, which illustrates the fact that these arguments are particularly intended to appeal to the farmer. Curiously enough, the farmer up to the present refuses to be impressed; he has grasped the idea that if we ceased importing from England it might be difficult to persuade England to buy and pay for our agricultural produce, and this is a prospect which does not appeal to him at all.

The only other argument which is being pressed by de Valera's party is the need for economy. It is claimed that expenditure is inflated, taxation consequently too high, and production correspondingly hampered. If the speakers would produce a practical solution they would command an amount of support which would surprise themselves, for most of us agree with them in general terms. Unfortunately, however, they confine themselves almost entirely to attacking the salaries paid to Ministers and higher Civil Servants. That they can arouse some sympathy on this point is only natural, for everyone is prepared to believe that other people are being paid too much. But as a serious argument it carries very little conviction, partly because it is clear that an intelligent man can earn more in business than in political life, and partly because the total saving to be effected would be negligible—and in any case Civil Servants, as distinct from Ministers, are under statutory protection.

The immediate scene of war has now shifted to the Kilkenny Carlow area where a by-election is being fought between Mr. Gorey, ex-leader of the Farmers' Party, and unsuccessful Government candidate at the last election, and Mr. Shelley, also a local man and a farmer. Considerable importance attaches to the result, not so much from a numerical point of view as because the constituency and the candidates are very well suited to decide the test issues of protection and economy, and also this is the first election in which the much disputed factor of proportional representation is absent. An astonishing number of speakers from both parties have spent the week-end in the constituency—in fact it is probable that no country district in Ireland has ever been so much overwhelmed with the attentions of great men. On balance, the odds would seem to be fairly definitely in favour of the Government candidate.

A curious little piece of humour has intruded itself into the tariff controversy. The Tariff Commission, much abused by Protectionists for its inaction, has decided to grant protection to Margarine and Rosary Beads. The leading applicants in the former case were Messrs. Dowdall and O'Mahoney. One of the Dowdalls is a prominent member of the Senate, and both he and his brother have recently seceded from the Government to the Fianna Fail Party. But instead of hailing the new tariff as a victory both for their business and political principles, they have now discovered that it will result in the reopening of Messrs. Jurgen's factory at Waterford, with increased competition. They now claim that they wished to withdraw their application, and complain bitterly of the Government's action in enforcing the Tariff. Thus the party is driven forward to demand the exclusion of foreign capital from Ireland!

It is unfortunate that in the Kilkenny election all the old controversy about Document No. 2, and the secret history of the Treaty and the Civil War shows a tendency to break out once more, but on the whole it may be said that the general standard of feeling in the country and the Dail is more healthy and more normal than at any time since 1921, and we may look forward to a very gradual but distinct movement towards sanity and prosperity.

## AN INTERPRETATION OF FRENCH POLICY

BY A CORRESPONDENT.

THE present European situation should be viewed in the perspective of the nine years which have elapsed since the Armistice. The intervention of the Anglo-Saxon Powers has given victory to the weaker side on the European Continent; moreover, circumstances and Polish ambitions have added Russia, without whom the Western Powers could never have faced Germany in 1914, to the defeated side. The Germans and Russians alone far outnumber all the Continental "victorious" nations, even though elements so discordant as France, Italy, and Yugoslavia be joined together. The position reached in November, 1918, was supremely anomalous and the drawing of frontiers on its basis highly dangerous. The Anglo-Saxon programme was peace founded on international justice. The Covenant of the League of Nations was organically connected with the other principles put forward by President Wilson, that "each part of the final settlement must be based on the essential justice of that particular case," that "every territorial settlement must be made in the interest and for the benefit of the populations concerned," &c. Neither Great Britain nor America had anything to gain by even a single European frontier being misdrawn. In 1918, as in 1815, it was essentially the interest of Great Britain to have a settlement reached on the Continent such as could stand by its own strength and would not require any further intervention and exertions on our part.

It depended primarily on France what the character of the coming peace treaties and the future condition of Europe should be. For her own part, she had to choose between two policies, a defensive policy on the Rhine and an aggressive policy on the Vistula, a policy of real peace and security under Anglo-Saxon guarantee, and attempts at establishing a numerical superiority over an artificially reduced Germany with the help of an artificially aggrandized Poland. The first policy implied a certain degree of abdication in the hour of victory, but would have corresponded to the way in which the victory had been won; the second, which was directly and consciously anti-British in character—it was to enable France completely to disregard our views and interests—appealed to historical reminiscences and dreams of Continental hegemony. It was not the territorial status of before 1870 which was to be restored to France, but the preponderant position on the Continent which had still been deemed hers in the days of Napoleon III. Poland, the "courtesy ally" in the war, was preferred to Great Britain; for Poland was expected to prove sufficient and yet dependent on France. "France has always been a protecting Power," was a dictum of Thiers.

Moderate counsels prevailed concerning the Rhine; Alsace-Lorraine was reunited to France, but not even the small "rectifications" turning on the difference between the frontier of 1814 and 1815 were made. The symbol of German hegemony established in 1871 was removed, but no counter-symbol in the West of Europe was given to the victory of 1918. The Allied armies occupied the Rhine Province, and the French obtained a temporary hold on the Saar Valley. They could scheme to prolong that occupation and try to foster a Rhenish separatism, but no step was taken which could not be retraced without serious convulsions. Was this due to pressure from the Anglo-Saxon Powers, strong and clear in those early days when the Western frontiers were settled? Or did a sound instinct bid French statesmen, foremost Clemenceau, avoid

desperate adventures where France herself was concerned? Anyhow, if there is now one part of Europe fit to serve as basis for sanity and peace, we must think back with gratitude of the well-nigh forgotten President Wilson and the work which he has done.

On the Eastern flank, a frontier was drawn which can hardly be permanently maintained. If France suffered amputation in 1871, Eastern Germany was literally dismembered in 1919-21. It is there that the French have carved out the Alsace-Lorraine of their victory—we can say with a sigh of relief, thank goodness, *there*, not in Western Europe. But that Germany can in any way endure what has been done in the East is the merit of Mr. Lloyd George. Had Danzig been given to Poland, had the corridor and Posnania been given the frontiers originally proposed, and the whole of Upper Silesia transferred without a plebiscite, no Locarno would ever have been possible in any part of Europe. Therefore, those who now justly pride themselves on their Locarno achievements should think with gratitude of the work which the much-maligned Mr. Lloyd George and a few of his associates did in 1919. (It is the fitter for the writer to say so as he himself at that time wholeheartedly condemned the policy of Mr. Lloyd George with regard to Poland's Western frontier.)

In 1919, France reverted to the seventeenth-century plan when, with Russia as yet outside the orbit of European politics, she tried to hem in the Germanic Empire by a barrier in the East (consisting at that time of Sweden, Poland, and Turkey). After the Empire of Peter the Great and Catherine II. had arisen, France wisely abandoned her former allies in favour of Russia. Only when unable to co-operate with Russia, she turned again to Poland—each time with catastrophic results. Napoleon I. paid a heavy price for his, however limited, Polish adventure of 1807, and Napoleon III. for his intended adventure of 1863. The result was each time an alliance between Russia and Prussia.

Had France forgotten Russia in the years that followed the Armistice? Not quite; her plan was to extend Poland's frontiers as far as possible against the West, but not to the East; and should an Imperial Russia re-arise, to offer her the patronage of, and responsibility for, a Poland with its spikes driven deep into the body of Germany—as had been planned in 1914. Whatever conquests French clericals (and Anglo-Saxon converts to Rome) schemed for Poland as a suitable field for Roman Catholic propaganda, the official policy of France for a long time favoured the Curzon line which, whilst including all territory with a Polish majority, did not give her Western White Russia and the Little Russian provinces of Volhynia and East Galicia; and though the French preferred that the odium for restricting Polish conquests in Russian land should rest on Great Britain, and themselves occasionally yielded to Polish clamour, on the whole, in their own interest, they tried to restrain her expansion to the East. But Imperial Russia did not re-arise in time, and the French, deeply enmeshed in their Polish adventures could not refuse to ratify what the Bolsheviks, with a supreme disregard for nationality and with careful thought for their own safety, had conceded to the Poles. These conquests, both when intended and when achieved, made the survival of Bolshevism in Russia an essential interest of Poland; for from no other Russia could they have been obtained, and against no other Russia can they be maintained. Even so, they have resulted in a German-Russian entente. At Genoa the French perceived what a fatal commitment their Polish ally might become for them in the future. International problems are not settled in ten or twenty years, and nations do not die, nor can weights and measures be permanently

falsified, and misdrawn frontiers are sins only too often visited on the third and fourth generation.

When the Ruhr occupation ended in failure, and the French nation pronounced judgment on it at the next general election in 1925, the previously discarded policy of security in the West came to the fore once more. There are statesmen in France who, when clearly faced by the alternative of a British guarantee in the West or Polish adventures in the East, unequivocally choose the former; and the clearer and sharper this alternative is put before France, the greater will be their number; whilst, if it is slurred over, there will be many who will try to secure the advantages of both policies, fondly imagining that it is possible to combine them at the risk and expense of Great Britain.

In reality, the contrast between the two lies at the very root of the Locarno treaty, which draws a clear distinction between frontiers in the West, stabilized and guaranteed for ever, and frontiers in the East which, though no attempt must be made to change them by force of arms, remain a problem for reconsideration in the future. Germany will not reopen it now, nor does anyone wish to discuss it in a theoretical manner; but when the configuration has changed so much as to force the subject for readjustment, the position in Europe should be such that the problem could be dispassionately treated without any danger of repercussions in the West. It is at this price that Germany has finally accepted the frontier of 1815-1870 on the Rhine, bitter experience having abundantly proved to her that neither in politics nor in war is a march against the West a profitable enterprise. Nor has Great Britain, in guaranteeing the safety of France (clearly divorced from her East European adventures) made any undue sacrifice—with or without treaty it could never be a matter of indifference to us if the Germans marched once more on Paris or the Channel ports. Thus the sincerity of two at least of the Locarno Powers is vouched for by their own interests, and once more it depends on France what the future situation in Europe shall be.

French "Easterners," reactionary, radical, or socialist, say that the safety of France is indissolubly bound up with that of Poland, and that they will not wait for another Sadowa to be followed by a second Sedan. Germany is to be done out of her chief Locarno gain—the distinction drawn between her Eastern and her Western frontiers—and Great Britain is to be drawn into guaranteeing frontiers traced against her better judgment and in a spirit of opposition to her. A convenient formula has been found in the Protocol to achieve it all, on the widest and most thorough basis; every conquest and every wrong is to be sanctified in the name of European peace; and peace is to cover the *status possidendi* of every conqueror, in every part of Europe. The ideas of security and peace put forward by the Anglo-Saxon Powers as part of an appeal for justice and moderation, are now to be wrung into a rope round the necks of slaves to bind them to the cars of their conquerors. The Anglo-Saxon guarantees which were to enable the weaker side to abide by their ethnic frontiers without fear of more powerful neighbours, are now to cover their conquests. The league of the "victorious" States of 1918-20 reformed for the purpose of thorough mastication and undisturbed digestion of conquests, is to have its "achievements" secured by the British Empire in the name of peace. Englishmen shall bleed and Englishmen shall pay for the crimes they were unable to prevent. It is from giving such a pledge that we have been saved by refusing to sign the Protocol.

But would the true character of such a league, however successfully hidden from some insular British pacifists, deceive those Continental nations against whom it would be



formed? Would the closing up of all "gaps" in the Covenant, *i.e.*, of all possibility of change, endear to them the peace of their airtight tombs, or would it not rather exasperate them and convince them that there is nothing left for them but to prepare for a war of liberation and revenge? Would the linking-up of the Rhine frontiers with very doubtful conquests in Eastern and Central Europe add to the security of France? And lastly: into whatever agreements a particular British Government may be drawn or tricked, does anyone suppose that the British nation will ever fight to maintain, *e.g.*, the Italian rule over Bozen or in the Eastern Adriatic, the Yugo-Slav hold on Bulgarian Macedonia, or Polish dominion over non-Polish territories with a population about three times that of the Irish Free State and an area not much smaller than that of England?

## THE PORTENT OF "BILL" THOMPSON

THE affair of Mayor Thompson of Chicago and Mr. Wm. McAndrew, Superintendent of Schools, is interesting and complicated, but it is only a local example of a serious development which has to be regarded as social and national. Mr. McAndrew belongs to the type of trained educational officer that has become important in American civic life. Four years ago he was appointed executive head of the Chicago school system. As Chicago is the second city of the Republic, the post is one of the prizes of school administration. There is a very large annual budget, which includes extensive building and other contracts. The direction of the department calls for high administrative power, for a great deal of tact, and the ability to get on with a bewildering variety of people—Chicago being one of the most difficult cities in the world to administer. It is not denied that Mr. McAndrew proved himself to be an able Superintendent of Schools. Called in by the late Mayor, after the schools had suffered from eight years of the first Thompson regime, he reorganized his department in co-operation with the City Board of Education which Mayor Thompson on his return to office six months ago proceeded to transform. During the electoral campaign of last spring Mr. Thompson—fighting upon the two slogans of "America First" and "Out with King George!"—had denounced Mr. McAndrew for flooding the Chicago schools with pro-British history text-books and had promised that if elected he would dismiss the Superintendent and start straightway upon the task of cleansing the schools of the obnoxious books. Mr. McAndrew, however, is protected by a contract with the Board which he did his best to make watertight. He is still technically in office, and will fight for his rights in the law courts after his anticipated dismissal by the Board. An interesting aspect of the case is Mr. McAndrew's relations with the large force of Chicago teachers. They are mainly on his side in the present contest, but their organization was hostile to him during the mayoral election. Irritated, it is said, by his martinet discipline, many of the teachers worked on behalf of Thompson, while, it is further said, the hostility of the organization helped to make Mr. McAndrew's term of office unfruitful. The obvious comment here would seem to be that a body of teachers must be terribly driven by the trade-union spirit before they could be brought to assist the election of a "Big Bill" Thompson.

Mr. McAndrew being "a tool of King George," playing his part in a treasonable conspiracy by means of the

school histories, it was manifestly necessary for Mr. Thompson to have his indictment ready as soon as he had prepared the way by changing the personnel of the Board of Education. This essential piece of work the Mayor entrusted to an ex-member of Congress, Mr. John J. Gorman, who went through a number of the history text-books used in the schools, and found them all, with a single exception, reprehensible by reason of their pro-British and un-American character. Worst of all, it would appear, is one of the best known school histories of America, by Professor D. S. Muzzey of Columbia University. It is condemned by Mr. Gorman in his report with particularity and ferocity. The passage in which this is done has provoked Mr. Muzzey to bring an action for libel against Mr. Gorman, that ardent patriot having, says the plaintiff, attributed to him certain statements which he in his text-book puts into the mouths of the apologists of George III. Such little blunders should not be unexpected when the censor is a man of Mr. Gorman's calibre; nor need we ask what kind of a school history has been turned out by the pair of authorities chosen by the Mayor—one of them the manager of a taxicab company, the other a Chicago contractor. It is estimated, by the bye, that the yearly expenditure on text-books in the Chicago schools is not less than £200,000. Every book that is destroyed would, of course, have to be replaced. This fact, in such an atmosphere as that surrounding the civic administration of "Big Bill," must be recognized as a strong economic stimulus to the producers of all-American school-books.

In the text-book field, we may assume, Mayor Thompson will continue his depredations, but in the field of the free libraries he has been checked and defeated. His threatened raid upon the great Chicago Public Library has been frustrated. The Mayor has been obliged to give up his scheme of building on the shore of Lake Michigan a pyramid of tainted books from the public shelves and making of it a burnt offering to the Spirit of America. He was informed that the books were the property of the city and might not be destroyed; and besides, as one American correspondent points out, the inquisitors could not consign the books to the flames without having read them. That would imply a test of patriotism which the Thompsonite could not be expected to meet. And in the meantime the Mayor has awakened the laughter of the whole of America by inviting, through his fellow mayors everywhere, all patriotic citizens to join his America-First Association, every member paying a ten-dollar subscription for the purpose of saving the rising generation from the horror of a British reconquest. This appeal has finished him. "If you continue your present policy, King George will be Chicago's next mayor," so telegraphed the Mayor of Mobile, Alabama, with an appreciation of the comedy which all Britons will delightedly salute.

If we turn from Mayor Thompson's imbecilities, and from the infantile rubbish offered at the hearing as evidence of the British conspiracy for the overthrow of the sovereign independence of the United States, we shall find that the attack upon Mr. McAndrew and the school-books has a quite serious aspect. Again and again during this affair the assertion has been made that underground British influences are working for nefarious purposes through the Rhodes Scholarship Trust, the English-Speaking Union, the Pilgrims, the Sulgrave Institution, and kindred bodies. We are apparently driven to accept the fact that there are some millions of American citizens who, though shocked by the antics of a "Big Bill" Thompson, are yet convinced that all the associations for promoting Anglo-American friendship are part of a vast conspiracy for the reabsorption of the United States in the British Empire. The thought of this ought perhaps to be a chastening exercise

for the British people, since so many of them succumb to the similar fantasies cherished by the Home Secretary and Lord Rothermere in regard to the sinister powers of Moscow. In America, however, the delusion about Britain and British propaganda persists. It is beyond all reason; no evidence avails to diminish it. If evidence counted, the overwhelming unanimity of the American Press against British policy during the Geneva Naval Conference should have convinced even Mayor Thompson's adherents. If theirs is, as it seems, an ignorance which nothing can penetrate, we have yet to take into account the multitude of Americans who, in this time of their country's abounding might and wealth, find it impossible to free themselves from terrors concerning the vague subversive influences coming from Europe and from Britain. The notion that any such are embodied in the Carnegie Peace Foundation or the English-Speaking Union is so fantastic as to be incapable of statement in tolerable words. There is only one danger to the American tradition, the American spirit, which the Government and people of the United States have any reason to fear, and it does not come from without. It is the danger that lies in the strange American heresy of Know-Nothingism, in the belief that knowledge is evil and free inquiry a thing to be denied.

## LIFE AND POLITICS

ONE can well believe the rumour that the Archbishops and Bishops are anxious that the new Prayer Book should be legalized by Parliament within the present session. They doubtless feel that the longer the delay the greater is the danger that the controversy, already sufficiently bitter, will get out of hand, with incalculable results for the future of the Church. Everything possible has been said; if the row continues it will only be said over again and with greater violence. I don't profess to know what is going to happen to the measure in the House of Commons. The Revised Book has some powerful enemies there. I should say that its fate chiefly depends upon the extent to which these enemies can be made to believe that if they accept the new rules for the sake of peace, the Anglo-Catholics will accept them also and loyally obey them. In this connection the Archbishop's letter to Canon Storr has a significance which has been rather overlooked. Why should he at this moment repeat with such emphasis his statement, made to Convocation in the summer, that "the Bishops will require obedience to the new rules," &c. This, I take it, is addressed to the Evangelicals. It is an assurance that the Church authorities will not allow any further Anglo-Catholic encroachment. The measure will be certainly accompanied by a stiffening up of the disciplinary machinery of the Church; if the new Prayer Book becomes law, that law must be obeyed. This assurance is intended to win assent to the changes from uneasy Protestants, but whether in the long run it improves the prospects of peace in the Church it is not for an outsider to speculate.

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As to betting on greyhound race courses, on which a violent controversy has suddenly started, was there ever a better or worse example of shutting the stable door behind the stolen horse? At Manchester (it is to Manchester enterprise that we owe the invention of this new social curse) the Watch Committee is now appealing to the Home Secretary for prohibitive legislation. Why did they not think of that in the infancy of the "sport," when the betting might have been strangled in the cradle. The battle was lost long ago in the matter of betting on horse race courses, in

spite of the fact that the words of the 1853 Act are (to a layman) perfectly plain. When greyhound racing started in Manchester the police authorities there might have stopped betting by one bold stroke in the courts and prevented once for all this vast extension of gambling among the poor. Nothing was done. Greyhound racing spread from Manchester all over the country; great vested interests were allowed to dig themselves in, and there is now no prospect at all of enforcing on dog race courses an Act which has failed completely to stop betting on horse race courses. This has come about largely through the timidity and inertia of those whose business it would have been in the old days to express the ideals of social decency. What was the despised but once effective Nonconformist conscience doing? The fining of a bookmaker for doing business at a fixed place will, of course, make no difference; the bookmakers merely smile. They will continue to do business in a slightly different way. No one imagines that the Government will risk unpopularity by attempting anything drastic. The newspapers, with one or two notable exceptions, are silent. The big circulation papers are, as always, the obsequious lickspittles of the multitude so long as it pays to flatter their vices. Mr. Baldwin will not be worried by any inconvenient Puritanism from that quarter.

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Among the vested interests concerned in the continuance of this wholesale gambling on greyhounds those of the Chancellor of the Exchequer are important. The Treasury is doing very well out of it. Once you allow the betting tax then, of course, the more betting the merrier. The Jockey Club has blessed the totalizator, and everyone expects that the Government will legalize it, for it has the merit in their eyes of making the collection of the tax much simpler and cheaper. In these circumstances the Government may very well refuse to do anything to clear up the chaos and confusion of the legal position as to betting on race courses. They will not exactly leave it alone; they will regularize it and arrange to collect their share of the booty rather more efficiently. It will give the Government no trouble to reconcile by some new legal formula the existence of the totalizator with the words of the existing law—something of the sort can hardly be avoided, for the contradiction between the Act and the official organization of betting would be even more anomalous than is the existing practice. Nor is there likely to be much difficulty in silencing the opposition by the absurd but most effective cry that to prohibit greyhound betting would be to make one law for the rich and one for the poor. The times are unfavourable for interference. All the same, the opinions which the MANCHESTER GUARDIAN has been publishing of late show that the disquiet roused by this immense spread of gambling is by no means confined to "professional kill-joys" or old-fashioned Puritans. Employers of labour know what it means, nor have social workers any illusions about the effect upon the prosperity of poor homes of the steady diversion of money from wages into bookmakers' pockets. And our foreign competitors are well satisfied with the position.

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In this unfortunate controversy about Mussolini, Mr. Shaw is showing the obstinacy of Jack Dempsey, and with the same result. He was, as even his admirers admit, completely knocked out by Professor Salvemini in the first match, but, once more a victim to his passion for mere pugilism, Mr. Shaw refused to accept the verdict. Battered but full of fight, he jumped into the ring with another letter which seems to me to do credit to his spirit, but not to what he himself absurdly calls "that celebrated vacuum." The old champion is seen coming up for round after round,

and dealing blows at his antagonist which really do not get anywhere. He seems in this last letter to be merely making a debating noise to keep up his courage. It is not even clear what he means—a thing which, as far as I remember, no one has been able to say about any speech or article of his before. One might adapt his own witty description of the Archbishop of Canterbury's letter to Dr. Barnes, and say that he is making "a whole-hearted appeal for ambiguity." What is one to make of it when one finds Mr. Shaw apparently identifying liberty and leisure, and arguing that workers who have insufficient leisure have no use for liberty? I may be stupid, but I can make nothing of it at all, when I remember, to take this one point of the case alone, that under Mussolini the workers have been steadily robbed of their leisure, while their wages have been pushed down again and again. Mr. Shaw's apologetics leave the problem unsolved—the problem of how it comes about that one of the most sensitive and generous of men, a lifelong enemy of force and oppression, should be found now in his youthful age rushing to the aid of this victor over liberty.

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While Mr. William Poel was discoursing on the speaking of Shakespeare's verse I listened attentively for some fresh guidance on the subject that has been debated recently in *THE NATION*. Mr. Poel, however, confessed that he does not *know* how the actors of Shakespeare's day spoke the verse. In the almost complete non-existence of Elizabethan dramatic criticism this is not surprising, and if Mr. Poel after a lifetime of inquiry cannot tell us, I doubt whether anyone else is likely to do so. Mr. Poel has his own theory, and it seems on the whole to be perfectly acceptable. He thinks that the verse—I take it he means the dramatic verse, the dialogue—was spoken in a more rapid and lively manner than is fashionable to-day. We know from "Hamlet" that Shakespeare liked his verse to be spoken trippingly on the tongue, a phrase to which various meanings can be attached, but certainly implying rapidity and vivacity. At the same time, Mr. Poel does not maintain—or if he does he did not maintain it on this occasion—that the non-dramatic speeches or show pieces of eloquence were so pronounced: I think all probability is against it. These were, I imagine, provided as opportunities for the display of skill in elocution and the music of rhythmical speech. Shakespeare's job in that as in everything was to provide what the public wanted. On the general question Mr. Poel argues, and carries conviction in so doing, that the compensation for the absence of scenery on the apron stage was the satisfaction of this taste, now so much neglected, for melodious utterance, as an art in itself. To call the method "conversational" is, I think, rather misleading. Mr. Poel's own illustrative examples were as far as possible from conversational; he spoke the verse with the utmost deliberation and dramatic light and shade—a manner which one would call old-fashioned if there was not the danger of suggesting woodenness. I could find in his practice no support for the notion that the Shakespearian line should be "prattled."

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I have not seen the American film on the life of Christ called "The King of Kings." That privilege has been so far enjoyed only by the members of the Theatre Committee of the London County Council. They were so much impressed that they at once gave permission for the picture to be publicly shown. I think this is a deplorable decision. Good judges who have seen the thing at Hollywood report that it is "contemptible," which is what one would expect. The exploitation by the Kinema of the life of Christ is (to

me) detestable. There is a point of greater importance: Who are the Theatre Committee of the L.C.C. to override the general practice of the Censors both of the Kinema and of the regular stage? The Lord Chamberlain will not license any play which brings Christ on the stage, and that is surely a wise rule, even if very rarely the prohibition deprives the public theatre of works of sincerity and imagination, such as Mr. Masfield's "Trial of Jesus." While poets and great actors are forbidden, as I think in the general interest, to introduce Christ on the stage, these Hollywood tradesmen are to be permitted by a sentimental Committee of councillors to display the greatest theme in the world as manipulated for the market by film performers and kinema kings. The thing is repellent. I am no friend of the official censorship of plays, but this almost converts me to the view that the Lord Chamberlain should be allowed to censor films as well.

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The eleven millions left by the late Lord Iveagh provided Mr. Shaw the other night with the text for a caustic criticism of the vagaries of wealth distribution. So far as this super millionaire is concerned one's views are qualified by gratitude for the excellent public use which by his will he made of part of it. Not only is the acquisition of Ken Wood to be rounded off by the addition of another big slice of park, but the mansion is to become a valuable addition to London's art galleries. The gift of the pick of Lord Iveagh's famous collection was entirely unexpected. Lord Mansfield's house, with its magnificent library, one of the best works of Robert Adam, is in itself worth anyone's while to visit, and when the dignified rooms glow with fine pictures it will be a treasure house indeed. The grand Reynolds and Romneys and Gainsboroughs will be seen in appropriate eighteenth-century surroundings. This harmony between the time and spirit of works of art and of their setting is a thing rarely if ever to be enjoyed in our cold official galleries. It is also a good thing that London's collections should be decentralized. One enjoys pictures the more when one makes a pilgrimage to find them. It is this seclusion, with its peculiar charm of setting that makes the Dulwich gallery one of London's choicest sensations. As one who contributed his mite towards saving part of the Ken Wood estate for London I was delighted by the news of Lord Iveagh's will, and willing not only to find arguments for the existence of millionaires, but even for Guinness's stout as a beverage.

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In his talk to the English Association on his early reading Mr. Baldwin was charming, as he usually is when he is not struggling to be a party politician. He aired a favourite notion of his—that the most readable history is that written with the strongest bias. Mr. Baldwin is on fairly strong ground here, for, of course, nearly all our historians have spent their energies grinding axes for the decapitation of such great men as they dislike. Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather" is not a very convincing illustration. I should not describe Scott's romantic liking for the Stuarts by the harsh word prejudice. The most bigoted Hanoverian loves him the more for it. The all too few impartial historians are not invariably unreadable. Lecky when writing English history holds the balance with scrupulous care, and he is eminently readable (I exclude the History of Ireland from the discussion). By the way, what does Mr. Baldwin mean by saying that Bunyan had "no education"? He had no formal education, but his soaking in the Bible gave him for his purpose the best possible literary equipment. The tinker was a superb artist.

KAPPA.



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION

SIR,—I trust that you will not accuse me of mere perversity when I say that I am not convinced by your reply to my suggestion of a method of making Proportional Representation an aid to stable government. All the cases which you adduce as intolerable consequences of the adoption of my suggestion are, it seems to me, cases which would certainly be considered vital, not only by the Government of the day, but by the House generally, a very different thing both logically and practically. The inevitable result would be an express vote of censure, which, if carried with the requisite majority, would involve the resignation of the Government, as assumed in my previous letter.

In this connection I hope you will recognize that it is not irrelevant to return to a matter raised in the article on "Mr. Shaw and Mussolini" in your issue of the 22nd which started this correspondence. Therein the author, after giving his warning on Proportional Representation, goes on to point out that the question how parliamentary institutions will work in Great Britain under the new conditions created among other things by the emergence of challenging social issues still awaits the test of experience. Does this very question not bring into relief the fact that the problems now coming up for settlement in Parliament are much too complex and difficult to be satisfactorily dealt with on the basis of old party differences? Does it not suggest the advisability of seeking guidance from the abler and saner men in all the present parties and even trying to get a House more fully representative of the people and thus in all probability able to give more varied and helpful contributions to the discussion of the problems?—Yours, &c.,

GEO. G. CHISHOLM.

12, Hallhead Road, Edinburgh.

October 31st, 1927.

[It would surely be rather hard that a Government, which is not allowed to resign if measures which it considers vital are rejected or if unworkable amendments are imposed upon it, should then be censured for the resulting muddle. We repeat that this would not make for responsible government.—ED., NATION.]

SIR,—As a regular reader of THE NATION I was somewhat surprised at your Editorial Note to the letter of Mr. J. H. Humphreys in last week's issue.

You hope that something will happen "before long," although it is "impossible" at the moment to see "how."

I should be glad to know on what grounds you entertain this hope of a speedy return to a two-party system, for a hope without any intelligent basis is of all things the most misleading and the most destructive of intelligent action and creative work.

But if the wish is father to the hope, is it not possible to argue that a system of Proportional Representation is more likely to bring back a two-party system (assuming such to be the ideal) than the present method in which elections are a pure gamble when each party "hopes" for the best.

Besides, Proportional Representation is an infinitely better method of voting than the present even in a two-party system. The evil is not "created," it is only "increased" by the existence of three parties.

My appreciation of THE NATION is great, but I regret to see it less progressive than the OBSERVER (see J. L. Garvin in yesterday's edition), and Mr. Micawber has no attractions for me.—Yours, &c.,

WARREN EVANS.

16, Heolydon, Whitechurch, Glam.

October 31st, 1927.

[We base our hope on a fundamental consideration, namely, the strong pressure which our present single-member system exerts in the direction of two parties. P.R., on the other hand, necessarily makes in the opposite direction, by enabling any group who can command a comparatively small fraction of first preferences to obtain representation without outside aid.—ED., NATION.]

## THE REVISED PRAYER BOOK

SIR,—May I venture, on behalf of many others, to ask the interest of your political readers in the question of the revised Prayer Book which is shortly to come before Parliament?

Much of the controversial matter which appears in the daily Press belongs to a previous generation. Our business in the Church to-day is to prevent its becoming static, as it would do if we were unable to develop a Prayer Book which was last revised in the reign of Charles II.; we have, so far as the reactionaries will let us, to bring it nearer to accord with present-day knowledge without marring its ancient beauty, and to make it as tolerant and comprehensive as possible. This has been done, after years of patient scholarship and public discussion both in the National Church Assembly and in the Press. Enormous improvements have been made; and a system has been produced which makes that order and legality possible which was not possible under the old regime, when the Prayer Book was lawfully carried out by nobody.

None of us have got quite all we wanted; for the Church of England is now democratic, and all had to be considered. But we have got a good deal, and, what is as important, we have lost nothing. A real advance has been made, and the whole has been done with a learning and skill that it will take years to appreciate. All will begin to appreciate it when the new Book begins to work.

But all reforms call out the conservative instincts of those with slow-moving minds; and conservative causes generally have plenty of money to spend on propaganda. The dead hand of nineteenth-century legacies is paying for much of the controversial matter with which we are being flooded. Some reactionary partisans oppose the new Prayer Book from a nineteenth-century point of view or a seventeenth-century, some from that of the Middle Ages, and many from that of the Dark Ages. It is opposed by reactionaries on both sides, because it is not reactionary, but sensible, tolerant, and progressive. The wise tolerance of the English Reformation is continued by it; and nothing would endanger the spirit of the Reformation Settlement (which is more than ever needed to-day) more than the rejection of the proposed revision of the Prayer Book.

Whether your readers are Anglican, Presbyterian, Free Church, or outside the Churches altogether, it is to their interest as it is their duty to help us of the Church of England to recover our freedom, so that we may have a Prayer Book which is the result of our activities, expresses our collective minds, and which cannot be forced (as present vagaries in worship are) upon unwilling congregations. With the vote, as we hope, of the nation behind them, the proposed alterations will be used only so far as the Church Council of each parish desires.—Yours, &c.,

PERCY DEARMER.

King's College, London.

## PRAGMATIC TEST OF THE SACRAMENTS

SIR,—You say justly but with cautious understatement that Bishop Barnes's second letter carries the controversy a step further. Is it not over the edge, out from the cathedral closes, whose droning hum is pleasant to outsiders' ears simply because it seems to speak of immemorial, indefinable peace—happy islands of idealized mediaevalism—into the modern world where words have hard, irrevocable meanings? A Bishop has demanded exact, "controlled" tests for the discerning of the consecrated quality of bread and wine. That the demand is impossible of fulfilment under the conditions he suggests, any psychologist would, of course, have told him. Even if subjects could be found to submit—qualified "consecrators" and "discerners"—their submission to the experiment would in itself disqualify, for all the orthodox, any results they might produce. But because the Bishop has asked for an answer, it is there, ready

to be discerned: only that no Churchman has up to the present wanted it, has it lain so long unrecognized by them.

The presence of vitamins, very probably chemical substances, can still generally only be perceived through differences clearly observable between the health of those whose diet contains these vital "accessory food factors" and those whose diet lacks them. It cannot be other with more occult essences. Their presence can only be perceived by their effects but, equally, must it be so evident or it is self-suggestion. "By their fruits," not by their feelings we have authority for estimating the spiritual diet of men. Owing to nothing more shocking to the devout, conservative mind than religious toleration, we have not "laboratory" but "field" results from such extensive areas that they cannot be doubted or misread by any ingenuous inquirer. The fruits of the spirit have all been abundantly produced among, to mention the most abstemious sect, the Friends. They deny the necessity of sacraments, therefore they are not essential to a life of saintliness. They practise prayer, contemplation, and congregational worship. Superlative goodness does not seem to exist without the constant exercise of the sense of another world. The ethicist, by this pragmatic test, seems to fall short of the religious. His intensity of radiation it would seem is less, because his intake is much more restricted. Surely in some such sociological inquiry into the behaviour of groups we may find definite answers to the vital questions the Bishop is raising?—Yours, &c.,

GERALD HEARD.

The Crest House, Weybridge, Surrey.

### TENNYSON AND MR. NOYES

SIR,—It is curious that Mr. Herbert Palmer should thus associate Tennyson with Mr. Alfred Noyes, but he cannot claim this view as his own discovery. Two or three years ago, when I had the congenial task of reviewing one of Mr. Noyes's rather better books of poetry, I hazarded it as my opinion that his position in the great line of English poets would be found somewhere midway between Tennyson and Horatio Bottomley. The expression of my opinion at such a time is of all the more interest in that it was prophetic. At that moment, as far as Mr. Bottomley's readers were aware, he had written no poetry. May I, therefore, draw Mr. Palmer's attention to "The Ballad of Maidstone Gaol," and suggest that he should compare it closely with the verse of Mr. Alfred Noyes?

Finally, may I suggest to Mr. Herbert Palmer that his "red rag to a bull" phrase is an unfortunate one, that he should try and support, and not goad and irritate, those poets who, amid much abuse and a good deal of persecution, are endeavouring to discover new beauties for themselves and other people.—Yours, &c.,

OSBERT SITWELL.

2, Carlyle Square, S.W.3.  
November 1st, 1927.

### SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT

SIR,—It was very pleasing to see the reference of "Kappa" to the centenary of the birth of Sir William Harcourt on October 14th, but surely his impression of the last years of Sir William Harcourt—"the tragedy of a great man of the eighteenth century vainly asserting himself in a changed and unsympathetic world"—is incorrect? The Liberalism of Sir William, especially in his later years, was towards the Left Wing—to wit, as "Kappa" reminds us, his great Budget. To go back earlier, take his support in 1873 of Trade Unions; his strong protest in 1888 against the packing of the County Magistracy from the upper classes; his humane work when Home Secretary in regard to excessive sentences to prisoners; and last, but not least, his unvarying international outlook which led him to abominate perpetual territorial expansion with its logical concomitant war. It has taken a long time, but the Liberalism of the doughty old knight—Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform—is coming into its own again.—Yours, &c.,

E. C. WILLIAMS.

Bank House, Brierley Hill, Staffs.  
October 30th, 1927.

### BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE

THEOLOGICAL controversy has always possessed good publicity value. The British Press, associating theology with religion and religion with virtue, has been slow to recognize this, arguing from the platitude, "Vice is news and virtue isn't." In spite of the appreciation shown by Constantine, Mahomet, Napoleon, and Lenin, for doctrinal and ritualistic argument as a matter of common interest, it is only within the last few weeks that a popular penny paper has dared to appeal for readers by the stark query, "Are we less religious?" and that as much space has been given to the dispute about man's origin as to the exigencies of greyhound racing.

As a matter of fact, theological controversy has undying interest not merely because it provides unique intellectual exercise for the lovers of metaphysical technique, but because it appeals as much to the man in the tram as to the man in the study. The man in the tram will buy for a penny the remarks made by Mr. Belloc to Mr. Wells, or by Canon Bullock-Webster to the Bishop of Birmingham, because he feels directly interested in them. They concern his destiny; they concern his origin. Moreover such quarrels lend themselves to spontaneous and sensational drama; they make men very angry, and they offer no ultimate, complete, and universal conclusion. The ordinary man enjoys ecclesiastical disputes not because they make the church more effective, but because they make it exciting. It is to be doubted, however, whether the intention of the disputants is any more to entertain readers of penny papers, than it was the intention of early Christian martyrs to brighten dull performances in the Circus.

The present spectacle is by no means without precedent. Canon Bullock-Webster's protest was conducted along the best lines of the Protestant tradition. His intervention in St. Paul's follows admirably Luther's conclusions nailed on the Cathedral door, the Lollard swords clashing in the Oxford Schools when Peter Stokys brought Archbishop Courtenaye's condemnation of Wycliffe, and the stool thrown in an Edinburgh kirk. Mr. J. A. Kensit was not unnaturally annoyed at this trespassing on his preserves by an Anglo-Catholic, and the Canon himself seems to have wondered a little what he was doing in that galley. But since the Canon has turned Protestant, Dean Inge has spoken with the authentic voice of outraged authority in England. His letter makes no unworthy contribution to that school of reproof which reached its fine flower in Queen Elizabeth's ultimatum to Bishop Cox: "Proud Prelate, you know who you were before I made you what you are; if you do not immediately comply with my request, by God I will unfrock you." The mantle of Elizabeth sits more easily upon the author of "England" than the mantle of Wycliffe or Wesley rests upon the Canon.

The two counts upon which the Bishop has been condemned are also admirably chosen. It is impossible to read his Open Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury without hailing as old friends his words, "According to mediæval theory, matter possesses accidents and substance. The accidents are physical properties which we can perceive by the senses, and no one has ever suggested that these are changed at consecration." No one? Oh, Bishop Barnes! Do you not remember a certain Cornelius Clonne, ex-soldier and Lollard, turned from his heresy by the Carmelite Friar John Kynningham in the year of grace 1382, and so strongly affected by the exposure of Wycliffe's blasphemy (strangely akin to that of Bishop Barnes) that on the following day while attending Mass at Blackfriars, he saw, not the accidents of the bread, but. . . . Perhaps there is no need to repeat what he saw, but it proved a conclusive argument against Wycliffe's contention that

after consecration the accidents, and thus the substance, of the material bread remained unchanged.

The Canon would preserve us from a theory of the Sacrament which derives from both Wycliffe and Zwingli; but since the Reformation the theory of evolution has been added to the realist doctrine of matter to disturb our orthodoxy, and if the Canon seems to feel most strongly about the Sacrament, the Bishop has concentrated most of his attention upon the Fall. Here the Canon agrees with Mr. G. K. Chesterton who once, when writing of the theories of Mr. H. G. Wells, said, "I know by now at least enough of his origin to know that he was not evolved but simply disinherited. His family tree is not a monkey tree, save in the sense that no monkey could have climbed it; rather it is like that tree torn from the roots and named 'Dedischado' on the shield of the unknown knight." We have either fallen from a state of grace, or we have risen from a state of nature, and that, one in which it appears possible that the life of man was "poore, solitary, nasty, brutish, and short."

We are most of us obsessed by this business of origins. Freud is partly to blame, since he has sent the psychologists back to the primitive, instead of urging them, like Mr. Shaw, on to Methuselah. Anthropologists explain the post-war hysteria of Vienna by establishing themselves for a few months in the Sandwich Islands or among the Indians of South America or the aborigines of North Australia, and returning with the latest observations upon the family complexes of matrilineal Trobriand Islanders.

The layman, unable to argue from knowledge of the data, pays his money and takes his choice. He has to pay his money in any case, since the Church is established and the research assisted by the State. But between Adam and the Ape, a monkey tree or a Tree of Knowledge seems to stand no angel with a flaming sword, but a trades-union picket, warning him off from professional preserves. His real trouble too often lies not with the magic of a Sacrament but with the mystery of a craft. Anthropologists and theologians appear over-zealous for the establishment of their own orthodoxy, too ready to exclude all who differ from them in method as well as in aim. Even Heaven appears to be open to one kind of qualification only, the religious rather than the artistic, the administrative or the mechanical genius. Narrow professionalism inevitably leads to quarrelling; the process of the dispute may be amusing. But somehow amusement seems to be irrelevant to the intention of the controversialists.

The Anglican Church four hundred years ago faced by the alternative policies of toleration and comprehension, desiring uniformity, chose the latter. But thereby she required from her bishops and priests the heavy obligation of tact, gentleness with the weaker brethren, and the yet more delicate business of gentleness with the stronger brethren who disport themselves vigorously on the very edge of the limits of comprehension. All good watchdogs of the faith may bark like the Canes Domini, at heretics and beggars beyond the pale; but as soon as they begin to bark at each other, they find themselves barking up the wrong tree. The same thing is wrong in this case, with both parties to the dispute. They have forgotten the Anglican tradition of comprehension. They would both do well to reread the warning of that least fanatical of martyrs, Sir Thomas More, "And yet, Son Roper, I pray God that some of us, as high as we seem to sit upon the mountains, treading heretics under our feet like ants, may not live to see the day that we shall gladly bear league and composition with them, to let them have their churches quietly to themselves, so that they could be content to let us have ours quietly to ourselves."

WINIFRED HOLBY.

## TRIGG

THE road from London to Land's End is materially a good one, but spiritually it is full of pitfalls. You set out for Cornwall, which is a land, and arrive, in spite of close attention to the advice of the Automobile Association and other aids to prudent travel, at the Cornish Riviera, which is a commercial undertaking. Somewhere you took a wrong turning, but no map will reveal it, and a month of English summer may be too short a time to discover the authentic legend: To Cornwall. Besides, you may be happy as you are. But if not, everything is against you. These kindly, impenetrable people will sell you everything but their confidence. You cross the Tamar in thousands, foreign children come to play in a rock-garden washed by a brilliant sea. You are very welcome to play. You are encouraged to grind up and down the steep slopes in your smelly little vehicles, to pick flowers, poke the ruins, climb the crags, hit balls about, and fill yourselves with stiff cream and saffron cake; alcohol, even, is produced if you howl loudly enough for it; and they are even beginning to build theatres for you. But when you have played all the money out of your pocket, it is borne in upon you that well-behaved children never outstay their welcome. Your host waves a cool, smiling good-bye, and presently you are swinging east across the Tamar, foreign children going home.

What do you take home beside wind in your hair and a salted skin, stretched muscles and an eased digestion? Well, if you have an ear, Lostwithiel, Gunwalloe, Lyonesse, Lamorna, Tintagel caress it, and the legends with which these melodies are deeply scored can be had for the asking. And if you have an eye, you will carry away the sea-deep cubical architecture of Land's End, or a red Plymouth sail seen from Mousehole beating out at sunset in front of Michael's Mount, or a house above Mevagissey quay with its front door growing out of its roof. And if you have neither an eye nor an ear, but only a passion to fish things out of the sea or a conviction that it is best to sit in a deck-chair and watch your boys at sand-cricket with a tennis ball and half a bat, St. Ives and Newquay will have ministered to you. These things are much, but they are only dainties from Cornwall's sweetmeat factory. An inhabited land is more than its lovely place-names, more than the foamy indentations of its coast or the humours of its quay-parliaments. You will have been teased by something seen out of the corner of your eye, something which has nothing to do with Kynance, or the studios of St. Ives. It may have been a heap of rubble blown out of a desolate northern cliff, or the alien white starkness of the china-clay pyramids above St. Austell when the clouds were low, or even a pair of dark eyes boring into your back as you went down a village street. These intimations are only just round the corner from the Cornwall of the G.W.R. posters. At any time you may stumble on a hidden way, the painted holiday backcloth may open and fetch you up sharply against a living rock. This is not to be had by asking, and is more easily vouchsafed to a knapsack and a pair of honest tramping legs than to the occupant of a "tourer" and a starred A.A. hotel.

The glimpse which I had was fortuitous and undeserved. It happened through a dog and a man. My dog Nobbs, who thought nothing of the Cornish Riviera, went down with a sharp attack of distemper. Was there a vet. in the village? There was not; but I might try old Trigg, who had a way with cattle and that. In my landlady's opinion Trigg was a character, his veterinary sideline a desperate remedy. Well, Nobbs was in desperate case; and I was not averse from character. So we sent up to Trigg's cottage where he lives alone and does for himself; and Trigg said he was coming down at once to dranch the dog. I shivered at that word, prognosticating major operations, but the dranch was only a red concoction in a bottle, and the operation no worse than it usually is when man says "Swallow" and dog says "No." Trigg had no bedside manner to speak of. He and the dog sat and growled at each other, Nobbs with weak defiance, Trigg rumbling gruff endearments from the cavern beneath his frosty walrus moustache. His eyes were like pebbles



worn and blurred by the sea to a misty blue. But he was not a seaman. He was a tin-miner who had been a soldier before the Boer War and again after 1914. He must have been about sixty. The power of his short, burly figure burst through his clothes, and indeed his only significant article of clothing was a cap, which was small and obstinate enough to have been borrowed from Mr. Herbert Smith. This he usually carried in his hand, but when a knot appeared in his eloquence he would put his cap on the back of his head and scratch the front of it. The earth was ingrained in his furrowed cheeks and his pendulous nose, and a few wisps of hair adventured across his cranium. I first saw him forging uphill, under a stormy sky, with the hideous symmetry of a Methodist Chapel façade behind him. "Labour," that windy abstraction, shrank and solidified to a man.

When he had drunched Nobbs, and explained that distemper is a maggot in the nose, that I could take the dranch myself and be the better of it, and that this was nothing to the dranching of a pig, I expected him to follow the Cornish custom and go. But here he showed his character. He stood up, said he thought that dog would do, and began to talk. He talked with his whole body, with his enormous hands and his little greasy cap and with his hollow-gruff voice, and in him the graphic art of leaving sentences beautifully unfinished was notably developed. Possibly this was the calculated garrulity of the old soldier. There was a lot about the new-fangled officers of the late war, and how one of these chocolate majors, who had grown up in Selfridges, failed to take the salute of Trigg's guard, said that the double row of ribbons on Trigg's breast were too wide, and that Trigg's hair was too long. Trigg had come to attention and had suitably replied; and presently was arrested for insubordination. I applauded the victory of the Old Guard with which this tale ended, and hoped we should soon get on to tin. We did; but only as a parting invitation. "Well, I hope you'll come and see my mine. Any day between five and six, when the captain's at his tea. I'll show you a thing or two."

Usually, when one goes to see a mine, all one's senses point the way from afar. Trigg's mine was hard to find. I embarked on a waste of sandhills which in the stony light of a cyclonic afternoon undulated like a sea arrested in stormy motion, its green foam of couchgrass spun over the backs of the breakers. The mine was in the hollow of an enormous sand wave. It is being reopened after a lapse of fifty-four years. Ten men, a primitive but efficient winding gear, and a tiddler of a petrol engine are at work there. The shaft goes vertically for thirty fathoms, then at forty-five degrees for another fifteen. At present they are removing the muck which has clogged the angle. Looking down the newly timbered shaft, I could hear the faint tinkle of the picks of men who, with acetylene torches in their hats, work in lifelines on a floor which at any moment may slide from under them. Presently the shift of three came grunting to the surface up a series of ladders. They blinked at the upper element, expanded their lungs with clean air ("a match won't strike down there, it's that bad"), opened their ruddy faces happily at me, and when they heard Trigg was "showing me," one said, twinkling, "Don't you believe *him*, mister." Then they lumbered off, chunky, grey-hided monsters of the deep, to their tea; and I was left to ponder the fact that these men get two guineas a week ("and nothing else bar fuss at the funeral if anything happens to happen"), and to compare their temper on coming off a shift with my temper when I come off mine.

Meanwhile, Trigg was showing me. He turned his back on the newly constructed golf-links. "Yes," he said, "golf-links is all right. But they don't signify. What a place wants, I say, is industry. This is the beginning of a big thing, mister. There'll be two hundred men on this job next year. Then we shall see. But what I say is, capital can't do without labour, nor labour without capital. Pulling two ways don't get anywhere. We got to haul the same rope, even if we can't be friends. What I said to a financier round here the other day. A sharp nose, he had. I wasn't showing him. He said, 'Well, you can't do without the investor, my man, can you?' So I said,

'I'm one of the biggest investors in this here.' 'Is that so?' he said. 'Yes,' I said, 'I invest my life.' He thought I was funny. We Cornish *are* funny, mister. We're off and on, up and down with this business. Always have been. We scratch up a bit of tin and lead and that, and then we leave it. But not for good. No. We come and have another little scratch. Father and son, it's in our blood. But we don't get in the papers. It's numbers what hollers, and we're only a handful. Not but what I sympathize with the coalminers. I wish 'em luck. But if it comes to hardship—" that was a sentence Trigg didn't finish.

As Trigg went away to get into his kit for his turn below, he seemed twice as large as Trigg the dog-healer, and about fifty times as old—older, I thought, than the Christian oratory buried in a hollow of the sand just over the hill. Tramping these northern cliffs, I had stumbled through many acres of dereliction, where among the deserted rubble heaps, roofless buildings, and abandoned shafts ringed with grass-grown stones for the wayfarer's protection, the old chimney stacks aim bleakly at the sky as though still resisting an airy invasion which had long passed over and left a no-man's-land. Remembering this, I watched Trigg's back and caught the long syncopated rhythm of Cornish labour, in which the ugly hives of Redruth and this rabbit-haunted desolation are bound.

When I left I wanted to pay Trigg. This made him growl. "Well, a copper or two. Your dog'll do, mister. You can't beat spirit of buckthorn, sulphur, and areca nut. Remember that. He don't like me, but I done him good. That's what we're here for. And I'll say good-bye." He lunged for my hand. I was glad to have it crushed by a chip of that old block, Cornwall.

BARRINGTON GATES.

## THE DRAMA SENSE AND SENSIBILITY

Duke of York's Theatre: "Home Chat." By NOEL COWARD.  
Strand Theatre: "The Kingdom of God." By MARTINEZ SIERRA.

**B**OTH these entertainments have in their different ways a good deal of merit and illustrate between them the two qualities stressed by the greatest of English novelists, which serve as the title of this article. Mr. Noel Coward has reached the awkward age. Those who hailed him as a genius are irritated by his success and are beginning to feel that they went too far. So they now right the balance by being distinctly unjust. "Home Chat" is one of Mr. Coward's best plays. It has all his theatrical ingenuity, is not confined to a well-staged quarrel, and is implicit with good sense. Further it is not much disguised by the vague intellectual failing known as vulgarity. It is, of course, a superficial enough little farce, and none of the characters are more than the most trite of "humours." This is inevitable in an author who lacks sensibility. The creations of his fancy can have no spiritual depth. But then Mr. Coward has a great deal of sense, which keeps our amusement tickled. Do not believe the worst at a moment's notice; and further, the slandered, in their turn, will be well advised not to give way to romantic outbursts of moral indignation. Gestures invariably lead to trouble. Such is the theme of "Home Chat": and it may be said to be the theme of all comedy. Throw in a good supply of theatrically effective dialogue, diversify the whole with a variety of ingenious surprises, and you get a good Noel Coward play and a jolly evening's entertainment like "Home Chat." Obviously there is something else you do not get, which some people consider supremely important, called a work of art. Art has something to do with sensibility, sensibility about language, design, and human life. Mr. Coward does not profess to provide this. So why blame him? He does not pretend to be a fallen angel. As an English Guitry he has points, and he is interpreted by an excellent company, who know exactly what is expected of them, and go through with it without a hitch.

"The Kingdom of God" is a very different kettle of

fish. Mr. Sierra is all sensibility and has aspirations towards creating works of art. There is nothing particularly slick or "clever" about him. He is dowsed in spasmodic affinities and mundial heart-aches. Perhaps he possesses too much sensibility and not enough sense. In the "Kingdom of God" he traces through a period of sixty years the pilgrimage of a girl who dedicates her life to gods not necessarily ours. The first scene is the entrance into the Cloister. Ten years pass, and the girl refuses earthly love to devote her life to the unfortunates in a maternity home. Forty years more pass; the nun is an old woman, no longer torn by earthly conflicts, who presides over an orphanage. Sierra really tries to get into other people's skin and at the same time to produce an objective design. The play is, perhaps, almost too "beautiful," though this may have been partly the fault of the production. "The Kingdom of God" is ultimately a dream fantasy, not a comment on Spanish life, and the whole performance was conceived too realistically for my taste, with too much attention to local colour. The landscape and the patios were all too like Spain, and we began in consequence discussing problems of practical conduct, which interfered with the atmosphere the author was endeavouring to produce. Still you go away feeling that Sierra is worth all the *boulevardiers* put together, so far does a little sensibility throw its beams in this naughty world. And if the sensibility sometimes descends into sentimentality, well, that is a fault with difficulty avoided by the author, and somewhat exaggerated by the producer. Miss Gillian Scaife took the chief part with much delicacy, and a large cast played up well in their different rôles. "The Kingdom of God" was well received by a large house and deserves all the success it is likely to get, for, whatever its failings, it makes some attempt to be a work of art. Mr. Anmer Hall, who is responsible for allowing us to see this play, is one of the very few people connected with the stage who seem aware that the theatre at its best is connected with the aesthetic experience. It is to be hoped that the public will be duly grateful to him.

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

## PLAYS AND PICTURES

AT 81, Endell Street, Covent Garden, Miss Margaret Carter, Miss Joan Luxton, and Miss May Pearson have opened a Children's Theatre which is that *rara avis* a theatre for children. For those who can afford them, there are stalls at 2s. 4d. and 1s. 2d. (children half-price), but the main feature of the theatre, and what makes it unique, is the "front benches," 3d. under twelve and 6d. over, no adults allowed. The result is an audience which vociferously anticipates every point, shouts "What?" when it does not hear what an actor says, sometimes offers the attendant a sweet, calls the orchestra "Miss," and sometimes asks to leave the room. I found this audience so fascinating when I visited the theatre last week that it was difficult to pay attention to such details as the performance. I was left with the impression that although one or two items were rather too highbrow, the programme was well selected, the acting was good, the costumes excellent, and the production slow at times but always imaginative. I enjoyed most Miss Carter's play "The Dutch Doll," the "cautionary tale" (though something must be done about the little boy who was frightened: there ought to be no possibility of such reactions in a children's theatre), and each and every appearance of Mr. Brember Wills and Mr. Geoffrey Wincott.

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Miss Brenda Girvin and Miss Monica Cosens have rented, probably on a long lease, a corner on the estate of Sir James Barrie, called it "The Red Umbrella," and persuaded the management of the Little Theatre, and incidentally the public, that it is a "fantasy in three acts." In other circumstances one might with justice have questioned the propriety of a will being read to the principal legatee by a stray clergyman's wife, its terms being en-

forced, apparently without the aid of a solicitor, by an executor who is aware of the existence of a later will in favour of somebody else, but connives thereat in the interests of the legatee, and of several other little pepper-corns of illegality. But in the realm of fancy all things are permissible, and as that realm is privately owned I must refrain from trespassing, and be content with saying that it is all very sweet and pretty and whimsical, and that I hope Sir James Barrie won't mind. I was glad that Mr. Wallace Geoffrey got the money after all, because he is a nice young actor who can act, and I was also glad that Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson was glad she did not get it, though I confess her reasons for being so pleased were beyond me. She certainly had a complex about being a "frightful little oddity," but she need only have wiped the mist off her mirror (why are stage mirrors always misty?) to rid herself of that. Perhaps she had not had time to think things over yet, and was preoccupied with her forthcoming engagement at the Old Vic, where she will be too busy to think of money or junket or anything else, not even of pleasant Mr. Charles Carson and dear delightful Miss Mary Rorke.

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"Under Arctic Skies," a new "Nature" film which is showing at the Capitol, differs from that remarkable film "Chang" not only in the locality with which it deals, but in having no sort of story as its kernel. Which method of presenting Nature is preferable is a matter of personal taste: certainly these pictures of the remote parts of Alaska are in their way just as exciting and sometimes just as beautiful as those of the landscapes and wild creatures of the Siamese jungle. The film is simply a pictorial record of the expedition of two travellers—or presumably three, for one must have worked the camera—across Alaska from the Pacific to the Arctic Circle, and to the point at which North America and Asia almost touch. They were armed only with a bow and arrow—but then one of them, Mr. Arthur Young, is the champion archer of the world—and their principle was to kill only for necessity. There are remarkable pictures of wild animals—moose, caribou, reindeer, mountain sheep, grizzly bears—of the breaking up of the ice on the river Yukon, of the "Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes," caused by the blowing off of the top of Mount Katmai in 1912 which left a hole three miles wide, of rivers thick with salmon and bears fishing for them, of the Mid-night Sun moving across the horizon, and of floating and disintegrating icebergs.

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Things to see and hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, November 5th.—

Jean Sterling Mackinlay, Æolian Hall, 3.

Marcel Gazelle, Pianoforte Recital, Wigmore Hall, 3.

Giesekeing, Recital, Grottrian Hall, 3.

Sunday, November 6th.—

"The Peaceful Thief," by Audrey Lucas, Arts Theatre Club, 8.30.

Film Society's picture, "A Glass of Water," New Gallery Kinema, 2.30.

Monday, November 7th.—

"The Lovely Liar," at the "Q" Theatre.

"The Provoked Wife," by Sir John Vanbrugh, Market Theatre, Norwich (November 7th-12th).

Sir George Paish on "Capital and Its Influence on Progress," Individualist Bookshop, 5.

Tuesday, November 8th.—

Dame Rachel Crowdy on "The Work of the Social Section of the League of Nations," Six Point Group, 82, Victoria Street, 5.

Mr. Leonard Woolf on "Imperialism in Asia," Friends' House, 8.

Wednesday, November 9th.—

Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe on "Industrial Feudalism—The Capitalist Autocracy," Kingsway Hall, 8.30.

Thursday, November 10th.—

Lord Parmoor on "Geneva and the World's Economic Conference," Chartered Accountants' Hall, Manchester, 1.40.

OMICRON.

## THE CLOUD

FROM one horizon to the other all through the afternoon this unctuous imponderable globe, this pat of vapours, this Falstaff of clouds has rolled from the massive hills to the poplar avenue without ever leaving the earth, showing to each immobile object in turn the dazzling dead whiteness of its fat fishes' belly. But they despise this invertebrate body and the winds follow it worrying it incessantly. As for it, it yields itself to their will, turning under their subtle fingers; it is potters' clay for their fists to knead; yielding flesh under their palms; a pillow for their heads to lean against, a carpet where they stretch their limbs; a prey for their tender claws. What matters it to the cloud? It has no form, it has no force, it has only just enough mass to be a thing that floats, light and unctuous, a piece of fluff, a happy cloud. Round its sides the breezes plunge and leap and pass. From the four quarters of the solid world that spreads beneath, those other things, the immobile rigid things look on, things with a body, a rind with knots, vertebrae, bones. But how pleasant it is to sway, to roll, to yield. . . . Only in the evening when the slightest eddy has grown still over the shadowed earth when every beast sleeps with eyeballs fixed, when the last breeze like a supple lizard has crept into a crack, then the cloud draws itself out, sharpens itself and, turned on its side like a slim swimmer, cutting the blue air which opens before it, glides in silence, heading for the open sky.

CHARLES MAURON  
(Translated by ROGER FRY).

## THEATRES.—continued from opposite column.

**SHAFTESBURY.** (Gerr. 6666.) Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.

"THE HIGH ROAD."

A New Comedy by FREDERICK LONSDALE.

**ST. MARTIN'S.** (Gerr. 3416.) Evgs., 8.30 sharp. Mats., Tues. & Fri., 2.30.

"THE SILVER CORD." By SIDNEY HOWARD.

LILIAN BRAITHWAITE.

CLAIRE EAMES.

**STRAND THEATRE.** (Ger. 3830.) NIGHTLY at 8.20.

Matinees, Thursday and Saturday, at 2.50.

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(Author of "THE CRADLE SONG").

English Version by HELEN and HARLEY GRANVILLE BARKER.

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"THE LADY IN LAW."

LEON M. LION'S PRODUCTION.

NIGHTLY at 8.30.

MATINEES, WED. & SAT. at 2.30.

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10-6.

## THEATRES.

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"THARK."

TOM WALLS, Mary Brough, RALPH LYNN.

**AMBASSADORS.** (Ger. 4460.) EVENINGS, 8.40. MAT., TUES. & FRI., 2.30.

OWEN NARES in "THE FANATICS."

Miles Malleson's "OUTSPOKEN" Play.

LEON M. LION'S PRODUCTION.

**APOLLO.** (Gerr. 6970.) Commencing MONDAY NEXT, at 8.

Subsequently at 8.30. Matinees, Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30.

ROBERT LORRAINE as "CYRANO."

**COURT,** Sloane Square. NIGHTLY at 8.30. (LAST TWO WEEKS.)

Komisarjevsky's Production of "PAUL I."

MATINEES, Thursday and Saturday, at 2.30

**CRITERION** (Ger. 3844.) Evgs., 8.40. Mats., Tues., Sat., 2.30.

"CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE."

A COMEDY OF YOUTH, BY JOHN VAN DRUTEN.

**DRURY LANE.** EVGS., 8.15. MATS., WED. and SAT., at 2.30.

"THE DESERT SONG." A New Musical Play.

HARRY WELCHMAN. EDITH DAY. GENE GERRARD.

**DUKE OF YORK'S.** (Gerrard 6513.)

NIGHTLY AT 8.40. MATINEES, WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY at 2.30.

MADGE TITHERADGE in

"HOME CHAT." By Noel Coward.

**FORTUNE THEATRE.** (Regent 1307.)

NIGHTLY, at 8.30. MATINEES, THURS. & SAT., at 2.30.

"ON APPROVAL." By FREDERICK LONSDALE.

ETHEL IRVING.

RONALD SQUIRE.

**GARRICK.** (Gerrard 9513.)

THE VAMPIRE PLAY, "DRACULA."

NIGHTLY at 8.30. MATINEES: WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY at 2.30.

**HIPPODROME, London.** (Gerrard 6650.)

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IVY TRESMAND.

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## THE WORLD OF BOOKS

## TWO PROFESSIONALS AND AN AMATEUR

I HAVE been looking forward to "Bismarck," by Emil Ludwig (Allen & Unwin, 21s.). I thought his life of the Kaiser in many ways a remarkable book; his "Napoleon," which I have not read, seems to be inferior. It is practically impossible for an intelligent man not to write an interesting book about Bismarck, and Herr Ludwig has plenty of intelligence. His "Bismarck" is by no means disappointing, and it is interesting to compare it with two other biographies of statesmen published at the same time: "Disraeli, a Picture of the Victorian Age," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles (Bodley Head, 12s. 6d.), and "Talleyrand, 1754-1838," by Anna Bowman Dodd (Putnam, 21s.). These three statesmen were all men of genius, but, as statesmen, the most marked difference between them was that Talleyrand and Bismarck were professionals, and Disraeli always remained an amateur. M. Maurois has written an extremely graceful and amusing sketch of Dizzy's life in the modern style; it is impossible not to admire the art of it, but in history and biography I have a large appetite, and after reading M. Maurois, as indeed so many modern biographers, I feel like a very hungry man who is expected to satisfy his hunger with the lightest and most exquisitely cooked soufflé. As for Talleyrand, he was one of the greatest of statesmen, and his life is made for a biographer. One would have thought it impossible to write an unreadable biography of him, but Miss Dodd has done so. Her book is very badly written, and, though it states a good many facts, it gives a muddled and faded picture of Talleyrand, his character, his statesmanship, and his times.

\* \* \*

Herr Ludwig's "Bismarck" is, both in scale and weight, a very different book. It is a serious work which attempts to describe and to account for Bismarck's psychology, to show how it produced his statesmanship, and to trace the relation of both his character and his statesmanship to the history of our times. I found the book completely absorbing, though Bismarck himself had something to do with this as well as Herr Ludwig. The latter has very great merits as a biographer; his analysis of historical events and of character and motive is nearly always intelligent and often brilliant, while he is also painstaking and not afraid of being laborious. He has, however, certain defects which, one fears, may grow on him. He is best when he allows himself to be purely analytical or when he is allowing character to display itself through the written or spoken words of his characters; where he attempts a synthetic picture, it tends to be commonplace, obvious, or mechanical. This is partly due to a streak of sentimentality and banality in his whole outlook.

\* \* \*

The chief merit of Herr Ludwig's book is that it allows one to see for one's self what the character and work of Bismarck really were. In life Bismarck was both fascinating and terrifying; he remains the same in death and biography. Like Disraeli, he had genius, and, like Talleyrand but unlike Disraeli, he was a trained and professional statesman. He was probably a greater man than Talleyrand, but he was not as great a statesman. He allowed his character to dominate himself and his statesmanship, whereas Talleyrand always allowed the last word to be said

by his admirable intelligence. Both of them were complete realists, and are therefore mistaken by the world for cynics. Bismarck was not cynical, but he was the bitterest minded and bitterest tongued man that has ever lived. There is something awe-inspiring in the intensity of his bitter and contemptuous disillusionment. The full flavour of it can be tasted in that famous remark of the man who all his life stood for the German Kaiserdome and monarchy against parliamentarianism and democracy: "I took up office equipped with a great fund of royalist sentiments and veneration for the king; to my sorrow, I find that this fund is ever more and more depleted—I have seen three kings naked, and the sight was not a pleasant one." But the flavour of it is there in almost every one of his recorded remarks, from the earliest days of his first diplomatic appointment when he remarked that the diplomatists "choose their looks and words with Ratisbon punctilio when the only thing they want is the key of the W.C." to the day when in retirement after his dismissal he said: "I am sorry to say that during the struggles of the last two decades, I have moved away to a great distance from God. In these sad times, I find this severance painful."

\* \* \*

Bismarck had many of the characteristics of the natural artist; his words spontaneously form themselves into phrases which have a life and heat of their own. His character, according to Herr Ludwig, was dominated by ambition, hatred, and a love of conflict for its own sake. Except for his dogs and his wife, who seems on the whole to have occupied in his life the place of a superior and exceptionally long-lived dog, he had no affection for anyone. Add to this the fact that he was an aristocrat with all the aristocrat's passionate loyalty to his own interests and privileges, and you have the personal background to Bismarck's statesmanship. His political principles, so far as international relations were concerned, were the same as those of nearly all nineteenth-century statesmen from Louis Napoleon to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, but they were carried out with a ruthlessness, a realism, a frankness, a violence, a clear-sightedness, and a genius that were unique. In "affairs" he was one of those rare people who always see, however complicated the situation, both the end to be aimed at and the surest means of attaining that end. His will was unbendable, undeflectible, so that in high politics he always attained his end; but, owing to the bitterness of his contempt for human beings, he never, as other statesmen did, tried to conceal either the ends or the means by a decoration of noble words. Such was his strength and genius that he was able to force Germany and, indeed, Europe to follow the path that he had marked out for them, and in the process to break the will of individuals, the power of States, and the very "spirit of the age." What marked out the path was ultimately not his intelligence, but the whims of his own character, the petty violences of his own passions, his acceptance of the vulgar and fatal principles of power and patriotism. The consequence was that in Germany he constructed a machine which no one except himself could control without disaster, and that, outside Germany, he drove the nations of Europe headlong down the path which they themselves had chosen and which in any case, sooner or later, would have led them to destruction.

LEONARD WOOLF.

## REVIEWS

## MR. GLADSTONE AND MR. CHURCHILL

W. E. Gladstone. By OSBERT BURDETT. (Constable. 12s. 6d.)  
Winston Churchill. By EPHESIAN. (Mills & Boon. 10s. 6d.)

UPON the cover to this book on Gladstone we find it described as an important study of his character and achievement by one of the best of the younger school of critics. "The author," so we are assured, "presents without self-glorification and also without subservience an unprejudiced but respectful portrait of a great but fallible man." What an admirable prospect; how fair; how promising. Unfortunately the promise is not fulfilled. The author, whose attention has hitherto been confined to studies of Coventry Patmore, Aubrey Beardsley, and Blake, and the contributing of "articles on literary subjects to many reviews," betrays an ignorance of politics that is not necessarily synonymous with absence of prejudice, and his professed respect for his subject is of the kind which most of us who set any value on our reputation would prefer to be without. His usual method is to take a single detached sentence from Gladstone's diaries, and on that basis to build up in his own best literary manner the theories about his subject's character which he happens to have formed. He finds, for instance, that in August, 1830, Gladstone, aged twenty, and extremely religious—as he remained indeed throughout his life, though his religious feelings were most insistent about this time—wrote in his diary: "O for a light from on high! I have no power, none, to discern the right path for myself." He was in fact thinking, as the context shows, about the choice of a profession, which was worrying him greatly; but this Mr. Osbert Burdett does not mention. "It is a flash of self-criticism," he exclaims. "A man does not pray for the insight he already possesses." . . . It is "a revealing confession, perhaps the most searching its author ever made. . . . Gladstone believed that there was a Light beyond his personal apprehension. . . . The above entry in his diary gives the first significant clue to his character and career." Again and again, through the three hundred pages of the book, Mr. Burdett harps on this revealing confession. Gladstone "longed for light," he says (p. 31), "but he never prayed for perspicacity, almost as if intellectual penetration was a gift beyond his ken. . . ." He could opine, but he could not speculate (p. 66). "All his thoughts came to him at second-hand. He never originated an idea in his life or understood what an idea was." Even in the year 1890—sixty years after this "revealing confession" was made—Mr. Osbert Burdett still insists upon his theme. "Of inner light Gladstone himself confessed to having none. . . . He had hardly more private opinions than the nymph Echo." In other words, we are asked to believe that the statesman who exercised in his lifetime an influence that has never been equalled, who was twenty years ahead of the politicians of his day in advocating the idea of the British Commonwealth of Nations—a fact which seems to have escaped Mr. Osbert Burdett's notice—who was one of the first to put in practice Arbitration as an alternative to war, who built up a system of finance which has been proved the best in the world, who spent long years of his life in the effort to reconcile England and Ireland, and did more probably than any man of his age in the cause of political freedom, was a man so blind that he could only provide an echo to the common opinions of his day, and did not even understand what an idea was. It might, perhaps, be well if Mr. Osbert Burdett would himself pray for light now and then.

Regarding Gladstone's eloquence—a subject that was well worth examining, since it is difficult to understand how his speeches, which are now almost unreadable, should have had so great an influence—Mr. Osbert Burdett's explanation is equally crude. He finds that in the diary during Gladstone's first session in Parliament, when there was forced upon him, as he admits, the humiliating sense of his inability to exercise his reason in the face of the House of Commons—an experience not unusual with young members—he records his belief that speaking is for him "a religious exercise," and that he would fail utterly without Divine help—"unless God gave me the strength and language." He is expressing, of course, in his religious way, the extreme difficulty of speaking well, and describes his own effort as being "after

all a poor performance." But for Mr. Osbert Burdett the words "religious exercise" are enough. What an admission! he exclaims; what disarming self-candour! "Religious exercises," he sneers, "are congenial to muscular Christians, who are active believers in good works and rarely separate the ideas of religion and activity." And a little lower down (p. 41) he goes on after his manner to develop his theory. "The House was a pastorate to him. It was, as he told us, the place where he practised his religious exercises, the congregation that he led, when he addressed it, in a kind of extempore prayer." So that is the secret of Gladstone's eloquence, and we are asked by this new critic of the younger school to believe that the man who held the attention of the most difficult assembly in the world for nearly fifty years did so by means of "a kind of extempore prayer." Those who desire to enjoy the travesty of a great but fallible man may find this book amusing, but as "an important study of his character and achievement" it is worthless.

The new biography of Mr. Winston Churchill by "Ephesian," who made his name and took his name by his life of Mr. Churchill's friend, "F. E.," is a book of an altogether cheerfuller kind. It describes its hero in all his phases: as schoolboy, cadet, subaltern, war correspondent, prisoner of the Boers, "Cockyolbird," Parliamentary candidate, Member of Parliament, Minister, traveller, officer in Flanders, aviator, painter, orator, sportsman, historian, novelist, and story writer. It is certainly an amazing list of phases, and as we read this pleasant and gossiping account of "the most picturesque figure of the day," we become convinced that there are few things that Mr. Churchill cannot do, and nothing that he will not attempt. At first it may seem doubtful whether it will enhance his reputation as a serious statesman. But Mr. Churchill, after all, has accomplished what had hitherto been deemed impossible: he has twice changed his party. In the unkind jargon of the House of Commons he has both ratted and re-ratted; and now that he is safely re-established in the Conservative fold, who knows where his career may not end?



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## FICTION

**Red Sky at Morning.** By MARGARET KENNEDY. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

**Helen and Felicia.** By E. B. C. JONES. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.)

**Blondel.** By HUGH KINGSMILL. (Benn. 7s. 6d.)

**The Stopson.** By MARTIN ARMSTRONG. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

**The Wayward Man.** By ST. JOHN ERVINE. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)

**The Façade.** By DOUGLAS GOLDRING. (Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.)

**Sixteen to Forty.** By A WOMAN OF TEMPERAMENT ("MARNA"). (Philip Allan. 7s. 6d.)

MISS KENNEDY'S great merit is that of awakening in us an unusual degree of interest. The mood of great expectation which certain great novelists create she can create too; she puts us in a state in which we confidently await a profound revelation. Unfortunately, she leaves us in it. For the first third of "Red Sky at Morning" the mood, with one or two lapses, is maintained: the childhood of Trevor and Charlotte, William and Emily, is described with spirit and power. What will become of those extraordinary children? we ask apprehensively, looking forward to the time when as men and women they will live in an adult world. But our apprehensions are idle; nothing changes; the characters never grow up. Miss Kennedy calls them writers and Bohemians, these being commonly held to be the most childish of adults; but they are not even that. In the present novel as in "The Constant Nymph," she has to arrange the setting for an odd and irresponsible interior; it masquerades as a Bohemian colony, but in reality it is a nursery of very naughty children. But feeling all this, or worse still, recognizing it, the reader cannot take the sufferings of the characters so seriously as the author demands; and when William shoots Trevor, and Trevor unfortunately dies, we feel it is more a matter for the governess than for the police. The disadvantage, in short, of a world so completely irresponsible is that nothing that happens in it has the power to move us profoundly; events which would be tragedy to people really grown up are seen as childish misfortunes. Miss Kennedy does not obviously sentimentalize her characters; but the world she arranges for them is a sentimental one, and has little connection with the real world. Her preoccupation, conscious and unconscious, being with children, however, she is at her best in describing children, and the first part of this novel, as of "The Constant Nymph," is by far the most valuable. The rest of the book, though spirited enough in appearance, is really almost worthless.

Mr. Goldring, who also deals with Bohemia, has certainly the advantage of Miss Kennedy in measure. He sees his literary crowd in proportion; his satire is both amusing and intelligent; and if there is nothing in "The Façade" to equal the earlier parts of Miss Kennedy's novel, the book is more consistent as a whole. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Goldring produces a good, serious, genuine author to act as a foil to the others, and this figure, it is not surprising, is a complete bore. Why Mr. Goldring made this mistake it is impossible to say. Apart from it, "The Façade" is an unusually pleasant and amusing satire on a theme which might easily have appeared hackneyed by this time.

The first third of "Helen and Felicia" is excellent. The description of the Cunningham household, and particularly of the relation between Felicia and Helen, a relation very difficult to define in crude terms, is full of truth and intelligence, and is sufficient to show that Miss Jones is an original and sincere writer. After this fine statement of the theme, however, the development is unaccountably dilatory and indecisive. The relation between Helen and Felicia, clear enough already, is monotonously restated rather than carried on; and the final testing of it against Helen's love for her husband is more theoretical than real. All the truth and concreteness of the beginning have vanished by now; the theme itself has not been developed, but only Miss Jones's ideas about it. There are, here and there, fine scenes in the second part; but the indecisiveness of the action, the complete unreality of Helen's husband, who is cast for a decisive rôle and is quite incapable of supporting it, make even these ineffective. The book is brilliant in parts, and unsatisfactory as a whole.

The same may be said of Mr. Kingsmill's very remark-

able novel. But in contrast to Miss Jones, he is weakest in the first part of the book and best in the second—a less common as well as a less crucial fault. The partial ineffectiveness of the first part of "Blondel" it is difficult to account for; some of the scenes in it are almost as fine as those in the second. But they do not hang together so closely, they exist rather in themselves, without catching us into the general sequence of an action which, flowing through them, would have heightened their significance; and accordingly they do not, while keeping our attention, intensify it at the same time by giving it a direction. Exactly in the middle of the book this sense of direction is communicated, and for the rest of the story it is difficult to find terms of praise which do not seem extravagant. The journey by sea to the Holy Land; the characters of the priest, Count Henry, King Richard, Anne; the conversation between the priest and Blondel, Richard's soliloquy, Count Henry's speech, the magnificently described scene in which Richard, Anne, and Blondel take part, its sequel, and Anne's death; all these have a power and purity of imagination rare even in what is accepted as excellent in contemporary fiction. They are conceived completely in the world of imagination; that is to say, in "a world where the narrator and the creator are one," to borrow an admirable phrase from Mr. E. M. Forster's "Aspects of the Novel." In very few novels does this world come into existence at all. It does not come into existence in "The Façade," for instance, which, like a host of able novels, is a description of a section of life which we know by acquaintance. This kind of novel leaves half of our attention fixed on a section of life as we know it, and only claims the other half for the story. The world of imagination does not come quite into existence in "Helen and Felicia" either, full of talent as that book is; we are partly in the diurnal world we know, and we are perpetually incited to recognize its landmarks; and imagination is only an aid to recognition. Our attention is not fixed absolutely on the figures which the writer describes; these are not complete and convincing in themselves, implying without external promptings, the world

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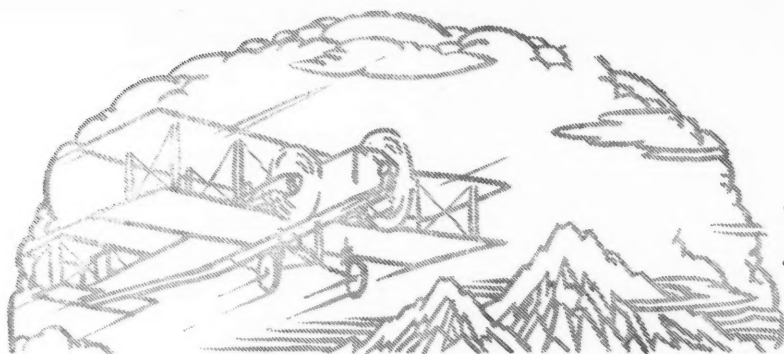
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they live in. But the characters in the second part of "Blondel" are complete in this sense, and that is what makes the book so unmistakably worthy of serious attention.

There is some very fine work in Mr. Armstrong's novel, especially towards the end, at the culmination of the tragic action. But, like most of this author's stories, "The Stepson" is far too long. We have description after description, many of them felicitous, but most of them unnecessary, throwing no light on the characters, and not advancing the action. The incidents might well have made a short story; they are inadequate, unaided by a greater power of invention than Mr. Armstrong shows here, to fill the space he allots them. It is a pity, because near the end, when the situation makes him forget his fondness for description, he proves himself to be a writer of considerable and genuine gifts.

There are a few scenes in the third part of "The Wayward Man" which show natural powers, but the rest of the book might have been written by a novelist just beginning to learn his craft. The style is so completely commonplace and lacking in resource that only the bluntest perceptions could be expressed by means of it; and consequently all Mr. Ervine's characters, all their feelings, and all their surroundings are only blocked out roughly, and never achieve the living, flowing line which distinguishes the real from the mechanical. A certain amount of observation, a certain amount of knowledge, have gone to the writing of the book; but the author has not done much more than communicate them to us, in their raw state, through the media of invented characters and scenes.

"Sixteen to Forty" is a simply written, tolerably sincere, and not very exciting account of a woman's life between the ages mentioned. Temperament is not so obviously present as might have been expected.

EDWIN MUIR.

### ANIMAL STORIES

**Tarka the Otter.** By HENRY WILLIAMSON. (Putnam. 7s. 6d.)

PERHAPS one of the most difficult things in literature is to write a really satisfying and convincing animal story. To do it successfully demands so many qualifications, a power of vivid narrative, a clear and simple style, an intimate acquaintance with the subject, and a wide and accurate knowledge of wild life in general, that it is no wonder that the majority of animal biographies leave us cold, and fail to bring their characters to life.

How many really convincing nature stories can we name? Very few, for most of them do not really carry us into the life of their animal heroes. Of the many animal studies I have read Ernest Thompson Seton's made the most impression. His furred and feathered characters, portrayed by a few direct words, were so real, and were so truly themselves, not anthropomorphic entities dressed up as birds and beasts, but real flesh and blood creatures of the wild.

That is where the animal story-teller usually trips so badly, when he endows his characters with all the impossible failings and virtues of the hero and heroine of a popular novel. It says much for Mr. Williamson's tale of Tarka the Otter that Tarka is not one of these impossible creatures. But what about the story in other respects? Well, the author's style, far from being simple is often involved, and he makes use of local words, so that Devonshire dialect lays traps for the unwary; but many of his descriptions of riverside life are delightfully vivid, and the penning of them was obviously a labour of love. That he knows the river and the river life no one could question, but that too flowery pen leads him into many statements which, to put it mildly, are rather rash, such as that about the raven, "Kronk the raven, most powerful and black, cleaved the air on outspread wings; sometimes he twirled on his back, recovering immediately. He was practising the upward or impaling lunge of beak that he had learnt from his father one hundred and thirteen years before." The italics are the reviewer's!

And when we come to the subject of the book, the otter itself, what do we find? Well, slips of omission and commis-

sion that leave one with the impression that the author has never known an otter intimately and personally, but has written from otter-hunting experience, and so on. He speaks of an otter skinning frogs, but if he had seen an otter eat a frog he would never have accepted that yarn. Why, the unfortunate frog goes down whole, every bit is chewed up, even to its little toes, while as for skinning it, the otter is in far too great a hurry, even if it were possible for it to get the skin off, which I doubt.

Then take Mr. Williamson's descriptions of otter conversation; he refers to the chatter of a pettish otter as a "yinner-yikker," which if meant as an onomatopœic rendering certainly fails, for the sound is just a chatter. Then he says the cubs "mew," but far from mewling like kittens they vent their feelings in the most plaintive little squeaky whistles; and he never mentions the throaty growl which an old otter so often utters as a threat and to express annoyance, nor does he say anything about the little "vut! vut!" of affectionate greeting.

There is also another omission, namely, any reference to the otter habit of calling at certain places on islets and on the river bank, where each caller learns the news, and leaves information for later visitors; and he certainly makes Tarka far too "Hail fellow, well met," with all the other otters on the river. Though most joyous and affectionate animals, otters are exceedingly slow to make new friends, whether of their own or the opposite sex, and bitterly resent the presence of strangers—never shall I forget the fury of my old friend Madame Moses when I tried to introduce a dog-cub!

But after all these comments we must give Mr. Williamson credit for his sincere endeavour to paint the life of an otter, and for making his hero a happy, joyful creature, which indeed the otter is; also for his vivid description of water life, the countryside, and of a pack of otter hounds, to say nothing of the otter hunt. The last is the most vivid and lifelike, though to the reviewer the most unpleasant, of his many vivid descriptions.

FRANCES PITT.

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The Church of England is in a bad way; and no one is honest enough to admit it. The Bishops are doing their best to obtain Parliamentary Sanction for a Revised Prayer Book for which no one but its compilers show much enthusiasm; they occupy themselves in dividing their dioceses, and holding synods: lately they have taken to attacking one another in the *TIMES*. What is wanted, however, is not more activity—we could do with less; but greater intelligence and spiritual power. For congregations are small; ordination candidates scanty; civil marriage is on the increase in all classes; there is a gulf between the clerical and the lay mind. Hence the sufficient reason for this important, candid, and profoundly melancholy book. Important, because it deals with living questions, not with dead controversies: sincere, because it makes no attempt to disguise the gravity of the situation; melancholy, because the *Papa Angelicus* whom the writer calls for is an ideal, not a real figure: if it rained mitres, none would fall on his head.

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His remedies are less convincing than his diagnosis. With regard to Disestablishment, in particular, under present circumstances it would leave the Church defenceless against the elements of reaction which he so justly dreads. Neither Mr. Baldwin nor Mr. Lloyd George would instal a *Papa Angelicus* at Lambeth; and I do not say that Mr. Sheppard would be satisfied with the appointment that either would recommend to the Crown. But I am sure that he would be very much less satisfied did the choice rest with Convocation, or a Diocesan Synod, or the Church Assembly. This would

intensify and perpetuate the evils of which he complains. Nor, though one is slow to say so in an age when neither solid piety nor useful learning are in fashion, does it seem to be the case that either the saint or the sage makes the best bishop; to think so is to confound different orders of things. It is said of the Founder of the Jesuits that, when the claims of certain rival candidates for office were discussed, it was said of one, "He is learned"; and Ignatius replied: "Let him teach"; of another, "He is devout": "Let him pray"; of a third, "He is prudent": "Let him govern"; and the appointment was made.

*Nullum numen abest si sit Prudentia.*

It is when prudence degenerates into astuteness that Nemesis follows it: "I will destroy the wisdom of the wise."

A. F.

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Mr. Clifford Bax on Bianca Cappello has little to say not already said by Miss Mary Steegmann, except where on some minor points he uses the freedom of speech which has come into fashion since the earlier biography. Miss Steegmann's book, without being particularly inspired, showed Italian life in full stream, and Bianca Cappello riding the stream where the current ran strongest. Mr. Bax—partly, no doubt, owing to limited space—gives us a "rather mere" Bianca and an extremely mere Florence. Since the series is specially intended for what Mr. Francis Birrell calls "the adorable adepts of our night clubs," Mr. Bax need not have been at such pains to champion Bianca: it is unlikely that this generation will care to cast stones at her. The essay is to be recommended to all who like their biography filleted.

Mr. West's life of Mrs. Besant is an altogether more genuine and more valuable piece of work. A great many people know only the spectacular and less important aspects of Mrs. Besant's life, and Mr. West's account ought to be read by everyone who wishes to be fair in his estimate of an uncommonly gifted and able woman. Mr. West compresses a long story very competently, but it is a pity that compression was necessary. The book leaves one wondering about the details omitted and the intermediate stages of her curious dual development. Though her religious beliefs changed and changed again, and perhaps show a deterioration in later life of her earlier mental fibre, as a sincere and indefatigable servant of social progress she has ploughed a very even furrow. And that each faith or absence of faith was yoked in its turn to draw the plough, bears witness to an underlying balance and purpose which at the first glance seems lacking. Mr. West's summing-up is perceptive as well as just. "Mrs. Besant probably has more in common with, say, Mr. Henry Ford than with such teachers as Buddha and Jesus. . . . She originated nothing, gave nothing to the world which otherwise it must have lacked, but which now is its imperishable heritage; what she did was simply—it is a great service—to hasten processes already existing. . . . and though her immortality in her work can be considered assured, it is not unlikely to be an anonymous immortality."

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## EMERSON

**Emerson, and Others.** By VAN WYCK BROOKS. (Cape. 9s.)

MR. VAN WYCK BROOKS is without doubt the most penetrating of the American critics. His style is lucid and fresh and cool as is the water from a New England well-sweep. No writer has done more to interpret the American scene as viewed from a literary angle. He has explained how, if we except Walt Whitman, American letters represent no indigenous native gift, but rather a superimposed importation from Europe, entirely out of touch with the practical current of the life of the New World. In two earlier works, "The Wine of the Puritans" and "America's Coming of Age," he propounded his theory with sharp and confident insight, while in his study of Mark Twain and that of Henry James he found an opportunity for illustration, perhaps, sometimes, not quite innocent of special pleading. Mark Twain he accuses of having deliberately "bowed his head in the House of Rimmon" and Henry James of doing a like injury to his inner being by his escape "out of Egypt."

The interest of his fragmentary essay on Emerson lies chiefly in its suggestion that Mr. Brooks intends no longer to sacrifice his literary genius to theories of a semi-sociological kind. The essay is unmistakably mutilated. It reads like a store of information gathered for a definite purpose, a purpose only to be abandoned at the last moment when the guiding hand faltered in a dark hour of treacherous mistrust. There still remains for us, however, a swift, nervous, sympathetic portrait of the great man.

It seems, indeed, that Mr. Brooks's style has won a new poetic value by his enfranchisement from the obligation of his hypothesis. This particular essay is certainly richer than anything he has heretofore written, and yet at the same time preserves the stamp of his own New England culture, clean and crisp and homely. With illuminated vision he reveals for us the thoughts, the emotions, the spiritual hesitations and passions that belonged to the poetical philosopher. And what a winning portrait of the man he has evoked, of this descendant of seven New England ministers, of this descendant of that "heroic scholar of Malden," Joseph Emerson, who used every night to pray that none of his offspring "would ever grow rich"! We see Emerson walking in the woods with Thoreau who "knew the country like a fox or partridge." We see him amidst "the bottomless stupidity" of the Bostonians, editing *THE DIAL*, that paper which Carlyle declared was "too spirit-like . . . too aeriform, aurora-borealis-like." With an almost alarming clairvoyance we are shown the moods of intellectual apathy, of self-diffidence from which Emerson suffered. "Life was a flash of light, then a long darkness, then a flash again. Today the electric machine would not work, not a spark passed; and presently the world was all a cat's back, all sparkle and shock."

Here is a fine image of this poet whose concern was with abstract thought and yet who was possessed by so direct a passion for nature in all her visible aspects! "Straight and thin as a birch tree in winter, with his hatchet face, half-Indian, half the face of a sagacious prying eagle. . . . Life, at the sound of his voice sprang out of apathy, and faith out of unbelief."

Van Wyck Brooks even makes the subject of his essay attractive as a lecturer, "carted about the country at the tail of a discourse, to read it over and over." It would seem that something Puritanical in Emerson's nature liked the discipline that immediate contact with the crude life of his compatriots entailed, of those compatriots eaten up "with the itch of ill-advised activity." He observed the vast "slovenly" continent with the eyes of a poet—the farmers of the Far West living on venison and quails "like children of Homer"—Lake Michigan "tossing in a black snow storm."

The last few pages of this book are memorable. Forgotten is the old shrewd neighbour in the village of Concord who made the discovery that the laws of "Plato and Buddha . . . mixed with a little Boston water" could be sold in New York and Ohio; and in his place we see the truly inspired mystic, the one who by a selfless immersion in nature could reach to a beatific vision.

We are led into the woods with Emerson and taught to share his ecstasy on those occasions when the magic of

nature "reached his dust." It was at such moments that Emerson felt in active touch with that force, known of old to the Buddhists, "which sleeps in plants, awakens in animals and becomes conscious in man." Then it was that the very cattle lying on the ground "seemed to have great thoughts, and India and Egypt looked through their eyes." In such exceptional hours it has been said, "The soul is absorbed into God as a phial of water broken in the sea."

LLEWELYN POWYS.

## ESSAYS

**Leaves and Fruit.** By EDMUND GOSSE. (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.)  
**Nine Essays.** By ARTHUR PLATT. (Cambridge University Press. 8s. 6d.)

**A Fronded Isle, and Other Essays.** By E. V. LUCAS. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE characteristics and methods of Sir Edmund Gosse's criticism are too well known for a statement of them here to be anything but superfluous. In "Leaves and Fruit," he has collected some forty essays contributed usually as reviews to the *SUNDAY TIMES*. No one with any interest in literature could, after glancing at the table of contents, forbear from investigating some part or other of the book. Charitable and appreciative, with an appetite recalling Mr. Saintsbury's, Sir Edmund Gosse wanders up and down three centuries of English and French literature. He treats of Montaigne, Rochester, Otway, Pope, Rousseau, Whitman, Mallarmé, Mr. Sassoon, and Miss Sitwell, only to mention a few that are personally attractive. But these essays are reviews, and it would not be amiss to consider them as reviews, on the understanding that this implies no disparagement of them. Reviewing is a difficult art, and Sir Edmund Gosse practises it with consummate skill. To begin with, he occupies an authoritative position. He stands between the journalistic and the academic critic, and he draws his strength from both. If his work in this case appears somewhat elementary and introductory, it must be remembered that it was written for publication in a more or less popular periodical. It is true also that the essays in this book are all constructed in precisely the same way. But if, after reading ten of them in succession, their construction seems mechanical and its repetition monotonous, it is only just to bear in mind that they were not meant, in the first place, to be read *en masse*. In short, such a collection is not, in its nature, quite successful as a book. Each essay is, within its limits, astonishingly well done. In each, the three parts are expertly, if rather too obviously, assembled; a general opinion about the subject of the book in question, followed by an informative and more objective account of it, and a criticism of the editing, if the book, as it generally is, is a reprint. The value of this method is that the reader can enjoy and benefit from reading about a subject of which he may be entirely ignorant. And for a review, what could be more admirable? Touches of personal reminiscence add charm to these scrupulous pages.

With Arthur Platt, for thirty years, until his death in 1924, Professor of Greek at University College, London, we are with the purely academic critic. Mr. A. E. Housman has written a preface, outlining the life and work of his friend, and has prepared a four-page bibliography of his writings. The latter are, except for a few translations and edited texts, articles and reviews which appeared in classical periodicals. The majority of these nine essays were delivered as lectures to the Literary Society of University College. This fact may reassure the "general" reader that he will find in them nothing technical, nothing beyond his intelligent understanding. The essays on Aristophanes, Lucian, Cervantes, La Rochefoucauld, and FitzGerald make extremely pleasant reading. They are generous, they are free from the violence of originality, and they will serve their purpose well with the uninitiated. The best of them is on "Science and Arts Among the Ancients." Mr. Platt returned unsuccessfully to much the same theme in "Poetry and Science." The book is particularly to be recommended to those who actually heard the lectures. Many local allusions, at which they must then have laughed, will not fail now to provoke a smile.

Mr. E. V. Lucas is not primarily concerned with literature. He has brought together essays published in the *TIMES*, the *SUNDAY TIMES*, and *PUNCH*. All of them have undergone

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modification or addition. Mr. Lucas is excessively gentle. He writes quietly about this and that, about fairs, old maps, wanderings in Germany, Old Brighton, humorous verse. "A Fronded Isle" is a series of impressions received during a visit to Jamaica. The colouring is very faint, the tone very mild. He prefers the sketch to the vignette. In the matter of food, he is as interesting as usual. Occasionally, he creates a suggestive image:—

"Just as in India, so in Jamaica, there is always a dark figure walking in the road. No matter how remote from a settlement or how high in the mountains, the next bend will bring into view a dark figure walking."

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

**South Africa, White and Black—or Brown?** By COLONEL P. A. SILBURN. With a Preface by SIR EDWARD NORTHEY. (Allen & Unwin. 6s.)

The number of books published nowadays on Africa and its native problems is very remarkable. Colonel Silburn has written a useful little book in which the facts regarding South Africa's treatment of her native population are briefly given. He is in favour of the policy of segregation. He holds that "should the Native Legislation and the South Africa Flag Bill, now before the Union Parliament, be enacted and the Royal Assent be granted, then a peaceful and satisfactory solution of the Native problem appears impossible." He is not, we think, quite fair to the League Mandates Commission and its work.

**The Private Life of the Marshal Duke of Richelieu.** Translated by F. S. FLINT. (Routledge. 10s. 6d.)

This is a new volume in the Broadway Library of Eighteenth-Century Literature. This fragment, as Mr. Aldington explains in an interesting introduction, purports to be by the Duc de Richelieu (who died in 1788) himself, and was first published by Laborde in 1791, as the third volume of "Vie Privée du Maréchal de Richelieu." Historians deny its authenticity, and it is usually considered to be the work of Faur, who was secretary to the Duc's son. Mr. Aldington says all that can be said in its favour as a historical document. Apart from that, it is an amusing and scandalous account of some of the Duc's amorous adventures.

**The Battle Book of Ypres.** Compiled by BEATRIX BRICE. (Murray. 10s. 6d.)

It is not all comprised in this finely conceived work, but the compiler has certainly succeeded in assembling a great number of accounts and anecdotes helping to explain how the British soldier held that impossible position, Ypres. The subject falls into two principal divisions, a historical sketch of the main campaigns in the Salient, and a gazetteer of the most remarkable localities there (to accompany the tourist and his map), with what happened to individual soldiers and units at each. In this way almost every page depicts truths stranger than fiction and men whose actions deprive even a reviewer of words. The power of these histories strikes all the deeper, and the nature of the last war is disclosed the more impressively, where the entries relating to a place (such as Zillebeke) begin in 1914, and go on steadily until the end. The series of heroism and horror, arranged in this normal way, shows what was demanded and given month after month, and hour after hour with no more ostentatious scenery than a few smashed cellars and stubbed trees. Besides the chronicles of endurance and enterprise, the admirable compiler has printed a share of the curiosities and quaint occurrences which even in the vilest tempers of the war lightened men's darkness, and in retrospect add a charm to a superhuman story.

## ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE

BIOGRAPHIES still hold the day, and it is impossible even to mention all that are published. Here are a few new ones: "Eighty Years, Soldiering, Politics, Games," by General Sir Neville Lyttelton (Hodder & Stoughton, 20s.); "Reminiscences," by Sir Vincent Corbett (Hodder & Stoughton, 20s.); "George Washington," by Rupert Hughes (Hutchinson, 18s.); "Lenin and Gandhi," by R. Fülöp-Miller (Putnam, 21s.); "From Kew Observatory to Scotland Yard," by Ex-Chief Inspector W. C. Gough (Hurst & Blackett, 18s.); "The Beautiful Mrs. Graham and the Cathcart Circle," by E. Maxtone Graham (Nisbet, 16s.); "When Squires and Farmers Thrived," by A. G. Bradley (Methuen, 10s. 6d.); "The Life of a Priest," by Albert Houtin (Watts, 9s. 6d.).

Four little volumes are published in the W.E.A. Outlines Series (Longmans, cloth, 2s.; paper, 1s.): "How to Read Literature," by G. E. Wilkinson; "Capitalist Combines," by G. N. Colman; "The Economic System," by G. D. H. Cole; and "Local Government for Beginners," by M. I. Cole.

Two famous athletes have written about the games in which they have made their fame: "Down the Fairway," by Robert T. Jones and O. B. Keeler (Allen & Unwin, 15s.), and "Rugger," by W. W. Wakefield and H. P. Marshall (Longmans, 15s.).

The University of London Press publish a new and enlarged edition of "The Student's Guide to the Libraries of London," by Reginald Arthur Rye (10s.).

## REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

THE "Contemporary Review" has an article on "Geneva and After," by H. Wilson Harris, the "Fortnightly" has one called "Security and Disarmament: Cross Currents at Geneva," by Hugh Spender, and Mr. James Corbett, in the same paper, has "Sir Austen Chamberlain and the League." This is quite as it should be, but on the whole, the Eighth Assembly does not seem to have promoted so much detailed comment as its predecessors.

Mr. Sisley Huddleston writes in the "Contemporary Review" on "French Problems and the Elections," the Rev. W. Longford has an article in the "Nineteenth Century" on "The Vatican, France, and L'Action Française," "Augur" writes in the "Fortnightly" on "The New Germany." These, with an article on "Hungary and Yugoslavia," by Robert Machray ("Fortnightly"), and "Ten Years of Bolshevism," by George Solovychik ("Nineteenth Century"), make up this month the rather sparse crop of articles on Foreign Affairs. There is, besides, "The Green Leaf," whose contents appear so obligingly in both French and English, and whose object is to lessen as far as possible any feeling of foreignness between the two countries. This number contains "Ireland in the Rapids," by R. M. Fox, "The Situation of the Coal-Mining Industry in France," by Pierre Vigne, and "Political Notes" (English and French).

In Home Affairs, we have, Religion being at the moment a sensational subject of dispute, "The Free Churches and the New Prayer Book" ("Contemporary"), articles by the Reverend Carnegie Simpson and the Bishop of Oxford, and "The Nation and the Prayer Book" ("Nineteenth Century"), by Professor A. H. T. Clarke. Also, the Bishop of Durham writes with praiseworthy tolerance but a little obtusely on "Quakerism" in the "Edinburgh Review."

Seeböhm Rowntree writes in the "Contemporary Review" on "The Economy of High Wages," Harold Cox writes in the "Edinburgh Review" on the House of Lords, and Rowland Evans writes in the "Contemporary Review" on "The House of Lords and Money Bills." The "Empire Review" has a delightful article by Augustine Birrell on Lord Birkenhead's "Law, Life, and Letters," "Scrutator" writes on "Blackpool and the Next Election." But all other contributions on Home Affairs pale into insignificance beside Arnold Bennett's "Men and Events," which is, apparently, to be a regular feature of "The World To-day." Here, after a brief summing up of the characters and characteristics of the most prominent members of the Cabinet—unflattering, but not very subtle—Mr. Bennett ranges freely from the Irish Free State to the relative food-values of white and brown bread, from greyhound racing to the attack by bishops on the credibility of portions of the Bible—"What Dean Inge has written against the credibility of the Bible I cannot remember, but he has written a lot"—and so on, all very bright and breezy and offhand. The same paper has the first instalment of "The Confessions of a Zeppelin Raider," by Ernst Lehmann and Howard Mingos, which should have been interesting, but it is a disappointing article, and contains a good many misstatements. "The Fortnightly" publishes an indignant answer by Lt.-Comdr. F. D. Butt to Admiral Scheer's version of the Battle of Jutland (which appeared in the last number), but there is no end to the refighting of the Battle of Jutland, and most readers will say, "Hear, hear," to the Editor's decision that, so far as the "Fortnightly" is concerned the discussion is now closed.

George H. Bonner writes on "The Case against 'Evolution'" in the "Nineteenth Century," the paper which published the classic dispute between Huxley and Gladstone: "Nor does the anthropoid ape, even in the most ideal conditions which a Zoo can provide, ever to our knowledge change into a human being. . . . The species have, generally speaking, remained relatively fixed since the beginning of history." But what is history? Mr. Bonner is too impatient.



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The "Monthly Criterion" has an essay: "Restoration of the Reason," by Ernst Robert Curtius, a poem by Hart Crane, the second part of "Flowery Tuscany," by D. H. Lawrence, "A Northerner," by G. B. Angioletti, and there is an Art Chronicle by Roger Hinks.

"The British Museum Quarterly" prints a fine reproduction of a Chinese fresco which is among the recent acquisitions to the Museum. There are also some interesting photographs of objects in the Ur Excavations Exhibition.

The "Cornhill Magazine" has an article by Orlo Williams on "The Three Musketeers: a Defence of the Novel of Action," and short stories by Jan Gordon and G. E. Mitton. Captain Liddell Hart writes on Maréchal Foch.

There are articles in "Chambers's Journal" on the Brontosaurus (by "Fulahn"), the extinct dukedoms of Scotland (by John Miller), Manchuria (by Wilmot Russell), and the Ice Age (by J. Reid Moir).

## NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

### H.M.V. RECORDS

THE Variations Symphoniques of César Franck, for orchestra and piano, is not nearly as well known as it deserves to be. It has been recorded before, but not very successfully. Now the H.M.V. has produced a magnificent record of it, played by Cortot and the London Symphony Orchestra (two 12-in. records. DB1069-70. 8s. 6d. each). It is a beautiful and brilliant piece of music, and the combination of piano and orchestra for once seems almost entirely successful; it is admirably played by Cortot.

M. Thibaud gives us an exceptionally good violin solo, in the rather charming "La Fille aux Cheveux de Lin" of Debussy; on the other side is a well-known Brahms "Valse" (DA866. 6s.). The best vocal record is by the Dutch contralto, Maartje Offers (DA768. 6s.). Her voice is very fine in a beautiful traditional "Christmas Hymn" ("O Du Fröhliche"); she is not quite so successful with Gruber's "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht." In both cases she is accompanied by the organ. Another "star" performer is Marguerite D'Alvarez, mezzo-soprano, who sings Giordani's "Caro mio Ben" and Brahe's "Down Here" (DA831. 6s.). Eric Marshall, baritone, sings two songs of Rachmaninoff "In the silent night" and "The Heart's Secret" (E455. 4s. 6d.).

Lighter music is represented by Winnie Melville and Derek Oldham, who sing "Only a Rose" and "Love me to-night," from "The Vagabond King" (B2570). Wish Wynne, comedienne, gives us unaccompanied "A Servant Girl" and "Our District Visitor" (B2532). The following are fox-trots: "Anybody but you" and "Gonna get a girl," Jack Hylton (B5358), and "Tiger rag" and "I'm gonna meet my sweetie now," Charles Dornberger and Jean Goldkette (B5363). All these records are 3s. each.

**THE** Best of the Autumn New Books can be seen at most bookshops of W. H. Smith & Son. Any Book, however, no matter where advertised or reviewed, or by whom published, can be obtained quickly through any of the 1,250 "Smith" Bookstalls and Bookshops in England and Wales.

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## INSURANCE NOTES.

### A POST-WAR NECESSITY

**I**T is hard to believe that over thirteen years have elapsed since the outbreak of the Great War, and that the ninth anniversary of the Armistice is approaching. The year 1914 is so long ago that many things connected with life in those peaceful days have faded from memory as completely as an out-of-date almanac. So accustomed have we become to the post-war conditions that we do not realize, for example, that the price of practically every necessity has increased to nearly double its former figure. To-day ten paper pounds are talked of and spent as lightheartedly as were five golden sovereigns thirteen years ago.

The transition from the old to the new conditions has involved adjustments in many directions including the amount of Fire, Burglary, and similar insurances. These insurances concern risks which touch a man's pocket in the event of disaster, and it is but natural that the cover should have been increased in proportion to the change in values. The same careful consideration, however, does not appear to have been given to the matter of life assurance. In spite of the volume of life policies effected since the war, there are still many men who have not realized that their altered circumstances require that appropriate additions should be made to the sum for which their lives are assured. In this case it is not the man but his dependents who would suffer in the event of a disaster, and for lack of thought the man who is insured only by a pre-war life policy is running the risk of leaving his family the equivalent of, say, 10s. in the £ as measured by his original intention.

It cannot be maintained that in the present circumstances there is less need for a man to make provision for his dependents than was the case before the war. On the contrary, the increasing difficulty of saving money makes provision by means of life assurance of even greater importance than ever it was.

The need for some such periodical review of life assurance policies in relation to current obligations has, therefore, become all the more imperative, for nothing is more certain than that the lash of a man's omission to insure his life adequately may one day fall heavily on the shoulders of his family.

### FREE MEDICAL AND SURGICAL BENEFITS.

The "Security System" of life assurance is a special feature of the business transacted by the Standard Life Assurance Company of 3, George Street, Edinburgh. It applies to policies of £500 and upwards, and all the benefits are guaranteed and incorporated in the policy.

In the case of a policy for not less than £1,000, the holder is offered the benefit of free medical advice. He may present himself for medical examination once in every three years at one of the principal offices of the Company on giving notice of his intention. No charge will be made for the services of the Company's physician who, after completing his examination, will give advice as to the physical condition, and recommendations designed to prevent, as far as possible, the development of serious illness. There is also a surgical benefit after the first five years. This assists in meeting the surgeon's fee if an operation is needed.

As a means of detecting incipient disease, increasing the general health and prolonging life, the habit of the periodical medical overhaul is one to be cultivated. It is just as desirable as the customary visit of inspection which we pay to our dentists. There is a welcome tendency for the practice to grow, and in the interests of both policyholders and life offices it is to be encouraged in every way. We are, therefore, glad to see that the Standard Company have taken this progressive step.

To make the "Security System" still more secure, the Company, in return for a small extra premium, will add disability benefits in the event of the insured person becoming totally and permanently disabled. These and other points of interest are intelligibly explained in the prospectus which has been sent to us.

### OUT-OF-INCOME HOUSES.

Probably the most complete scheme for those who are now thinking of buying a house, is that which is offered by many life offices. The out-of-income plan of buying furniture, with its provision for the cancellation of the balance of the debt should the purchaser die, is a commonplace, but it is not so well known that the "out-of-income" idea can be applied to the purchase of the house itself.

Some papers regarding the House Purchase Policy of the Britannic Assurance Co., Ltd., of Broad Street, Birmingham, have been sent to us. The scheme described is typical of many others, and intending purchasers should explore this road to house-ownership before making their final decision.



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EXAMPLE

of Policy for £100 effected by a man of 25 maturing at age 55 :

Number of Premiums Paid.	Amount of Premiums Paid.	Amount of Sum Assured & Bonus (guaranteed).	Cash Value of Sum Assured & Bonus (guaranteed).
5 ...	18 7 11	112 10 0	10 18 0
10 ...	36 15 10	125 0 0	30 6 0
15 ...	55 3 9	137 10 0	54 14 0
20 ...	73 11 8	150 0 0	82 11 0
25 ...	91 19 7	162 10 0	118 8 0
30 ...	110 7 6	175 0 0	175 0 0

From the sixteenth year and onwards the guaranteed cash value is greater than the total premiums paid, the surplus increasing annually until in the 30th year the amount payable exceeds the amount paid by nearly 60 per cent. The comparison is even more favourable when rebate of income tax is taken into account.

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## FINANCIAL SECTION

## THE WEEK IN THE CITY

## INVESTING IN INDUSTRIAL SHARES—CUNARD—IRON AND STEEL.

**R**EACTION in industrial shares, as we expected, is proceeding. It will probably go too far. Because speculative investment in British Celanese and Marconi ordinary shares had exceeded reasonable bounds—in the first case being based upon wild estimates of future profits, and in the second on wild rumours (officially denied) of pending negotiations—the financial pundits in the Press have been uttering heavy warnings against Stock Exchange gambling and condemning all investment which is not based upon past earnings and records as rank speculation. That is absurd. The science or art of investment consists largely of intelligent anticipation. Past earnings and dividends are a useful guide in forming an opinion of the standing of a commercial or industrial company, but knowledge or surmise of current earnings and trade decides the question of a purchase or sale of that Company's ordinary shares. The investor's curse in this country is the lack of Company information and the unintelligibility of English balance-sheets. The New York Stock Exchange requires Companies whose securities are listed to publish quarterly trading accounts and balance-sheets. (Incidentally, American accounting practice is much more intelligible and informative than ours.) That is an admirable safeguard which ought to be copied on this side. In fact, if it could be adopted here, it would check such gambling as we have lately witnessed and enable closer estimates to be made of current earnings. At present, as official information is bestowed upon British shareholders but once a year, day-to-day investment must be a matter of intelligent anticipation. We propose to give some illustrations.

Our first example is the case for buying Cunard Steamship ordinary shares at their present price of 24s. 3d. The record of past earnings merely confirms the general knowledge that the Company stands high in the shipping world, is well managed, and is conservatively financed. Here is the statement of net profits and dividends over a period of years:—

Year ended December 31st.	Net Profits.*	Ordinary Dividend.	Issued Ord. Capital.
	£		£
1913	251,130	10%	640,020
1918	605,318	10%	2,970,806
		+ cap. bonus	
		100%	
1919	724,808	10%	2,970,806
1920	638,291	7½%	4,456,209
1923	391,168	5%	4,456,209
1924	393,968	5%	4,456,209
1925	332,786	5%	4,456,209
1926	516,329	6%	4,456,209

\* After depreciation, income tax, and debenture interest.

The ordinary share capital has recently been increased from 4,456,189 shares of £1 to 5,570,236 of £1 (issued at a price of 20s. per share in the proportion of one for every four held), and including the £1,506,000 5 per cent. preference stock, £1,000,000 6 per cent. second preference stock, and the Government share of £25, the total share capital will now amount to £8,070,261. The last official news of the Company's trade was given at the shareholders' meeting last April, but in issuing the new ordinary shares last month which are entitled to the 1927 dividend the directors stated that the Company should be able to repeat next April the 6 per cent. dividend paid for 1926. We think that it is reasonable to anticipate a gradual increase in future profits and dividends for the following reasons.

First, as regards revenues, the coal stoppage must have adversely affected freight transport and the westward passenger traffic in 1926. The gradual expansion in trade that has been resumed this year and the increase in passenger travelling should result in bigger revenues. Secondly as regards costs, a further reduction in operating expenses may be anticipated. Wages and fuel oil together account for nearly half the operating costs. The fuel oil contract

which the Company has just assigned to the Standard Oil for 1928 for 4,000,000 barrels at a price of \$1.43 per barrel, plus lighterage, enables a saving to be made of approximately £256,000, which is equivalent to a dividend of over 4½ per cent. on the increased ordinary share capital. This contract only covers the transatlantic service: there are savings to be made on other fuel oil and on coal contracts. Thirdly, as regards fixed charges, the saving of interest resulting from the conversion of the 7 per cent. debenture stock into the 5 per cent. debenture stock will amount in 1927 to £80,000, whereas the saving in 1926 was only £7,253. The new issue of shares enables the £7,500,000 two-year 5 per cent. notes to be repaid in December, a saving in interest of about £75,000. Finally, the depreciation on ships will be normal this year. Ten new ships were completed last year, and 40 per cent. of the total cost was written off as each was delivered. This special depreciation would be £600,000 per ship. For all these reasons we think it is reasonable to anticipate a steady increase in future profits and dividends.

Sir Herbert Lawrence, chairman of Vickers, has also been expressing the view that salvation for the iron and steel industry lies in some form of amalgamation. What we had in mind was not amalgamation of every concern, but the combination of a few leaders, particularly those on the North-East Coast, which would be complete enough to turn out the full range of steel products and to allow specialization—that is, the manufacture of particular products in particular plants as economy and efficiency dictate. This has happily been called the "rationalization" of the iron and steel industry—a fine point against nationalization.



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